

# THE WAR CRY.



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

28rd Year. No. 48.

WILLIAM BOOTH  
General.

TORONTO, AUGUST 31, 1907.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,  
Commissioner.

Price, 2 Cents.



## MAKING FISHERS OF MEN.

"Andrew first findeth his own brother . . . and brought him to Jesus."—John i., 41-2. (See page 7.)

# Cutlets from Our Contemporaries

## GOT RIGHT JUST IN TIME.

Saved on Sunday night, secured a situation on Monday morning, dead Monday night, is the brief history of a convert of the Washington corps, U. S. A.

The following is the corps report on the subject:

"At the end of the indoor meeting the Adjutant urged the unconverted to seek salvation. None would yield, however, and the officer was about to close, when something seemed to tell him to give the sinners another chance. After a little persuasion and earnest dealing, two souls came out and got saved.

"The very next day, the Adjutant heard that a man had met with an accident which had cost him his life and later on found out that he was one of the men who had knelt at the penitent-form the night before. The Adjutant was told that on arriving home on the Sunday night, the convert had told his mother what he had done. The next day he was promoted to glory."

## CONVERTED ON THE CARS.

### A Striking Furlough Incident.

I had been on furlough, and was returning by train from Ilfracombe to Cleve Hill. In the same compartment was a lady from a well known Lancashire town. As soon as I entered, she began to talk about the Army and its work. I then asked her to accept a current issue of the "War Cry," which she did.

After reading, she said, "I have often given money to the Army, for I believe in them; they are so zealous." She also added that for two years she had paid for two hundred poor children to have a free tea, instead of giving her friends a banquet. "I find much joy in doing this work," she said, "If I had stopped at Ilfrac-

ombe much longer, I should have been converted."

There were four other persons in the compartment, and presently she said, "I have given my money to God, but not yet given myself," and burst into tears. We knelt together in the carriage and prayed, the other occupants joining in the singing of "When I survey."

While we were singing, "See from His head," she stood on her feet and said, "I have in my soul such a peace. I cannot express. Thank you for your help, I will be true to God." Then we all sang together, "Oh, happy day that fixed my choice."

I gave her a note to the Captain in the town to which she was traveling, took her name and address, and have since written the officer myself. I changed at Taunton for Bristol, where she again thanked me. I felt this was a very happy conclusion to a useful holiday.—O. W., British Cry.

## CAPTURE OF THE WORST WOMAN IN TOWN.

### A Record of Forty-two Convictions.

Among those who have lately sought salvation at our penitent form, was "the worst woman in Oldham." Thirty-two years of age, she had forty-four convictions against her.

On one occasion, when she smashed a shop window, it required four policemen to take her to the station, where, in her violence, she smashed her cell windows.

As she stood before the magistrate, she pleaded for another chance. "What?" exclaimed his Worship, "after forty-four convictions?" She promised to go with Hughie Riley (a noted trophy) to the Salvation Army, and was liberated.

The detectives, however, kept a close watch on the woman, and when she got converted the police were so pleased, that they bought her clothes

out of pawn, while the magistrates have expressed the opinion that if she keeps good, it is the best day's work the Army has yet done in Oldham.—British Cry.

## KILLED THROUGH HIS OWN DECEIT.

### The Contractor who was Dishonest.

The following incident happened in a northern town of New South Wales a few years ago:—

A road contractor, who had the job of forming up the back streets of the township, desired to get his contract concluded on a certain date, so that he could draw the full amount of cash, which was a fairly large sum. He saw that he could finish it all with the exception of a large stump on the crown of one of the streets. What should he do? He waited his opportunity, cut off the top part of the stump, and covered it over with soil and metal. The work was inspected and passed, and he received his money.

In the course of two years, by the continual traffic and exposure to wind and rain, the metal was worn away, and the stump appeared above the surface. This same man was engaged on another contract, about fourteen miles out of the town, when one of his men was taken seriously ill. He jumped on the fastest horse he had, and made for the doctor. When he reached the town the nearest way to the doctor's house was down this very street where the stump appeared above the ground. The night being dark, the horse tripped on the stump, threw its rider, and the poor fellow broke his neck.

You say, "How sad!" Yes, everybody who knew the circumstances said the same; but what a lesson this should teach us. You may hide from man for a time, but everything is naked and open to God; we can hide nothing from Him. "Be sure your sin will find you out."—Australian Cry.

## THEY CHANGED THEIR MIND.

### No Low Grade Sinners to Save, Yet a Great Work to be Performed.

The following is a delicious par from a San Francisco paper:—

Long Beach, Los Angeles County, is one of the most moral towns on the Coast. It is a dry town and the majority of its residents are church-going people. Recently the Salvation Army proposed opening a corps there, and the good people kindly informed the officers that the work would be a failure, because there were no low-grade sinners in Long Beach, such as are found in towns and cities where saloons flourish. Despite the warning, a store was rented in the heart of the town, on Pine Avenue, at \$75 a month, and the work prospered. Several weeks ago the community was shocked by the news that a young man had been terribly burned in an explosion, and was in the hospital. The injuries were so bad that the doctors were considering amputating both arms, unless skin could be grafted, but who was to contribute the skin, was the question to be considered. Adjutant Thomas, a San Francisco girl, in charge of the Long Beach contingent of Salvationists, heard of the need, and without a moment's hesitation contributed four inches of skin from her arm, and three other officers contributed as generously, and the young man's arms were saved from amputation. Since this occurrence, the Long Beach people are convinced that the Salvation Army is made up of people of practical religion, and a necessity in every community.

## RECORDS FROM PALM LEAVES.

A substitute for beeswax is now being obtained from the rafia palm, of Madagascar. The leaves are beaten into fragments on mats, and boiled; they yield a wax which is of very good quality. Phonographic records and other articles are being made of it.

## The Praying League

Special Topic: Pray that our business men and women may live consistent, religious lives.

Sunday, Sept. 1.—Wrong Set Right. 2 Chron. xiv. 2-13; xv. 1-15.  
Monday, Sept. 2.—Trusting Wrongly. 2 Chron. xvi. 1-14; xvii. 1-6.  
Tuesday, Sept. 3.—Bad to Worse. 1 Kings. xv. 25-34; xvi. 6-33.  
Wednesday, Sept. 4.—Sounding the Alarm. 1 Kings xvii. 1-16.  
Thursday, Sept. 5.—God Fearing Noble. 1 Kings xvii. 17-24.  
Friday, Sept. 6.—Baal or God. 1 Kings xviii. 7-24.  
Saturday, Sept. 7.—Answer by Fire. 2 Kings xviii. 26-38.

### A BUSINESS MAN'S NEED.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

I received a note the other day which touched me very much, and reminded me of the brave warfare being waged by an important class of Christians, viz.—the men and women in business life. The people who stand, so to speak, in the ranks of life's soldiers, where the enemy's fire rages most fiercely. Our friend writes in part:

"I have all along been interested in your Prayer League writings in

the "Cry." . . . I write to ask you if you will not pray about those, situated as I am. Anxious to 'follow on,' but often finding the path thorny, and a business man's life far from conducive to holy living. Any little helpful thoughts along these lines in your weekly column, would be helpful."

We make the Christian mercantile man of our land, the special topic for prayer this week, and surely no subject could be more important. In our new country, how important it is, that the nation builders—the men who guide the commercial affairs—should be men of the highest integrity and most loyal purpose.

There never was a time when men of the hero type were more needed. Men, who, having a conviction of right, should make all other personal interests subservient to the greater interests of humanity, and that the foundations of true greatness should be laid deep and wide in that righteousness which makes glorious the life of the individual, and "exalteth a nation."

One or two thoughts, suggested by the life of the noble pioneer martyr, Stephen, may be useful.

Of the many splendid characteristics of an all round Christian's life, I will mention two essential qualifications.

### Men of Honest Report.

Evidently Stephen was well known

to the Apostles. There is a beautiful story told by some writers to the effect that he had been a cripple, and was one of the many healed by our Lord, during His ministry. This is quite probable, but, whether true or not, Stephen was known, favorably known, in the early Church—he had a good reputation among his brethren. He may have received some special gift of healing from the Saviour, and been closely associated with Him, for he seems to have imbibed his Master's spirit in a marvelous manner.

I was much struck with this first requisite. Good character—honest report. Stephen had made an impression on his comrades on this line. What a recommendation! How blessed to be noted for sterling character. Dear friends, nothing can take the place of personal godliness. People may try, in the work of the Kingdom, to substitute eloquence, magnetic influence, culture, education, personal abilities, but in practical living and doing, nothing can supersede this.

You may be perfectly skilful in your work, unique in your capacity for grappling with the problems of the war, but your works will be forgotten, your words will fade from memory, even your features may be obliterated, in time, from the minds of those you serve, while what you are will live on and on for ever. It will live over again, be reproduced in the lives of those among whom you

live. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Oh, the wonderful influence of noble character. When Washington led the American forces as Commanding Officer, it is said, "it doubled the strength of the army." Character is power. Remember, as someone has written, "The main business of life is not to do, but become. An action itself has its finest and most enduring fruit in character."

At a large dinner party given by a nobleman, after the Crimean war, it was proposed that everyone should write on a slip of paper, the name of the one who was most likely to descend to posterity with renown. When the papers were opened, every one contained the name of Florence Nightingale, the courageous woman, who had bound up the wounds, and soothed the dying pillow of many a British soldier. Character gravitates upward as with a celestial gravitation, while mere genius, without character, gravitates downwards. Character is confidence. Character is credit. Oh, for Christians, that will, by the confidence they inspire, be a cause of fear to wrong doers, and inspiration to all who want to do well, as of the blessed reformer, of whom Mary, Queen of Scots said: "I fear the prayers of John Knox more than an army of ten thousand men."

(To be continued.)



# ROGER: A SON OF ISHMAEL.

A STORY IN LETTERS: COMPILED AND EDITED BY  
MRS. COMMISSIONER LUCY E. GOSANDEY, OF FRANCE.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is a very unusual story, which deals with the vicissitudes of a young French soldier in Paris and Algeria. It also throws a vivid light on manners and customs that prevail in the French Army towards a deserter, as well as the soul-struggles of a young man.

12. 30 strikes in Paris. The little group of Salvation Army Officers at Headquarters have risen from their knees, after pleading with God for power and strength to go on with the struggle against infidelity, sin and indifference.

At that instant there is a knock at the door.

There stands a young French non-commissioned officer, looking very dejected and sad. He begs an interview. He is in the greatest distress.

Can we help him?

He needs fifty francs to take him back to his regiment in Algeria.

Five years ago, Roger, the son of a wealthy judge in Belgium, made the acquaintance of a young lady, considered by his family much beneath him in social position.

His parents opposed their marriage and the young man, broken down by grief, left home, went to France, and enlisted in what is known as "La Legion Etrangere," a military body, composed entirely of foreigners, amongst which are a great many sons of noblemen of different countries, who, for various reasons, have been obliged to "quit their home and country. This regiment is always stationed in the North of Africa, and the first to be ordered to the post of danger.

Roger, who is a very intelligent young man, and of good appearance, soon won the esteem and confidence of his chiefs.

He was wounded severely in an engagement with the Kabyles, and injured in several other skirmishes, and won his promotion as non-commissioned officer.

Last year, hearing that an Uncle of his had died in Belgium, leaving him a certain fortune, he asked permission of his Colonel to go to his native land to take possession of what had been left him. The Colonel had not the authority to grant him leave of absence for so long a time, but, taking a deep interest in the young man, he granted his request, asking him to regard it as a private authorization, and to keep the matter between themselves.

Arriving in Belgium, the young man went straight home, expecting to be welcomed back as the prodigal returned. But the father's anger had not abated during those years of absence, far from it.

He had his son arrested as a deserter of the Belgian Army, and taken across the frontier back to France.

Roger, thus rejected by his family, went to Arras, an important French garrison, and told his sad story to the Commanding Officer there. The latter took in at once the position of the poor lad, but told him that seeing the authorization that he had received from his Colonel was not official, he could do nothing for him, as it would simply bring himself as well as his Colonel into trouble.

"But," said he, "I know an organization who will help you if they can. Go to the 'Armee du Salut.' Their Headquarters is in Paris. Tell them

your story. They are such kind people, I am sure they will help you in some way or other."

When Roger called at Headquarters his story seemed so strange, not to say plausible, we could hardly believe it. But, Commissioner Cosandey, having carefully investigated the statements made, found them quite true.

All Roger asked was a soldier's railway fare from Paris to Marseilles, as he was willing to work in some way or other, if possible, his passage, from Marseilles to his garrison in Algeria.

For himself, he did not seem to care much, though his long absence had lost him the chance of becoming an officer in the French Army. He had hoped to enter the Military School at Saint Maixent that Autumn for this purpose.

His one anxiety was not to get his his Colonel, who had been so kind to him, into trouble, by not appearing in due time at his post. We lent him fifty francs, representing a soldier's fare from Paris to Algeria.

Roger informed us he was a Catholic, and had been carefully brought up in his religion. Commissioner spoke earnestly with him about his soul, praying with him and giving him a Bible before he left.

As soon as Roger reached his garrison in Algeria, Commissioner received the following letter from him:

Saida, Algeria, 31st July, 1906.

My Reverend Father,—

"There are sometimes in life very sad circumstances. I believe that when I passed through Paris I gave you some proofs of this. I have returned to Saida since last night, and am put back as soldier of second class, on account of my long absence. The regulations cannot be altered. It is God Who has willed it. I must, therefore go through one of those terrible proofs which it pleases God to send us, in order to test our faith. With regard to this, I will say, like the holy man,

"The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

But what troubles me the most, is to see the jealous joy of those to whom I had never done anything but good. I suffer at being forced on an equality with such wicked people, but I resign myself, as I am obliged to.

Another thing which troubles me, is not to be able to return you immediately, what you advanced me with so much kindness. I will, however, do my duty in spite of all.

I enclose you herewith one franc in postage stamps. I will send you on the same next week and continue to do so.

I will thus prove my desire to repay, and thus, revered Father, show you that I am most grateful. In your goodness, you have rendered a great service to a wretched man. But I had still greater need of your prayers. Will you then, pray, revered Father, for a poor young man, who abandoned by all, cannot confide in any others than the righteous, who represent God upon this earth.

Pray that I may triumph over wrong, that my moral sufferings may come to an end, for what are physical sufferings when the heart is happy?

I have, at least, a tranquil con-

science, for which I am very thankful.

For my part, I will pray for you, for all who have held out to me the hand, have not cast me aside.

Might I, once free from my military service, be received amongst you, that I, also, may become a man of God, good and generous? Then perhaps, I shall have finished with all this suffering.

Whatever may happen, believe in my entire devotion, believe that I shall try to show myself grateful, in giving, everywhere, a testimony of your goodness.

I hope to receive a letter that you will be so kind as to write me.

I remain, my revered Father, your devoted and faithful son,

ROGER.

This touching letter was quickly followed by another.

Saida, Algeria, 18th August, 1906.

My Reverend Father,—

It was with profound joy that I received your letter of the 13th of this month. Yes as you so well put it, I have suffered much. I counted upon the words of those, whom I thought could not deceive me, and I have been disappointed.

I hoped to have the esteem of those whom I had always respected, but the Colonel having left me to myself, I was not long in finding out that they regarded me simply as an object of pity.

The crowning of my misfortune was to see those whom I had helped, to save from a just punishment of their faults—sometimes at the price of great sacrifices—by helping them to escape a Council of War, turn their backs upon me and despise me.

It is true I was a deserter, and, this word, to those who never fail, gives the idea of a crime worse even than that of theft or immorality.

Sad irony of fate and human destiny!

I am now a soldier, and obliged to bend beneath all the exigencies and humiliations of those whom I myself have instructed.

One needs a strong dose of courage to put up with these continual vexations, without allowing one impatient gesture or an imperceptible shrug of the shoulders to be seen.

I am one of those souls created for adversity! I suffered as a child. I have seen while yet young, discord in the midst of my family. I understood too soon how vicious the world was. I was brought up among false ideas. It needed a Divine Providence to pull me out of the error into which I was plunged.

Abandoned by father, mother and brothers—my entire family, no one was left me except an old Aunt, who helped me to understand the real joys that moral sufferings can inspire, whatever may be the physical sufferings or privations when the heart is at rest, and the soul without remorse.

I learnt from her to count upon God, ignored and unknown by my own people, but without Whom, no man, however upright and honest he may be, can accomplish any other than acts at best senseless and selfish.

Do not fear, revered Father, I believe in God, and, in this faith, I have my intellectual, moral and spiritual power.

I fear God, and this fear is the beginning of my humble wisdom. I trust in Him, and in this trust I offer to Him all my daily sufferings, which I bear always in remembering His blood shed upon the Holy Cross for the world and for me.

I hope, yes, I hope, that the day when I present myself at His feet, the heart contrite and humble, strong

after having tried to do good, after having tried to give a good example of devotion and self denial, in His name, I trust, that in His wonderful goodness He will condescend to forget that He is Judge, and remember that He is Father.

I count upon His goodness, and I hope that when I shall be released from this refuge of sin, you will condescend to occupy yourself a little with my affairs, and count me, if possible, amongst your valiant legion.

I am persecuted here, because I advertise my religious beliefs, and show that I have the courage of my convictions, and impose silence upon those who would retail unwholesome stories.

I am only a soldier, and often have to give in to the inevitable.

Enclosed you will find two stamps for fifty centimes. It is all I can send you, for I am without resource, and only get five centimes a day (a soldier's pay in France.) By this small amount, I trust, I show you that I am only too desirous to get clear of my debt, which I consider as sacred in God's eyes. If I could get to X—in two months I should hope to repay you completely, for there the pay is higher than here.

Hoping often to be comforted by your letters.

I am your respectful and devoted son in the Lord.

ROGER.

Then followed a long silence of several months.

What had happened to Roger?

Was the earnest desire to begin a new life only a passing sense of gratitude for a needy service rendered?

Had he forgotten that touching moment when, kneeling beside the Commissioner, the vision, the possibility of a holier, purer, happier life rose before him, and a longing to live for God and others surged within his heart?

Had he now forgotten it all?

Had he forgotten his own solemn promises?

Weeks slipped by. No news of Roger.

At last the welcome letter came:—

December 11, 1906.

Colomb, Bechar, Algeria.

Monsieur le Commissaire,—

Without doubt you have been very surprised at my long silence, but I must beg you to believe that it certainly was not my fault.

For more than two months I have left all inhabited places, and am now a member of a pioneer party, crossing the plains of Tafilalet in full revolution at this moment.

The commercial and military situation is very strained, from every point of view.

If from this fact, I have been unable to write to you, please be assured that in spite of that my thoughts have often been with you.

On arriving at Bechar I found a number of "En Avant" that you have so kindly sent me. It is not necessary for me to tell you the joy I felt on receiving that paper, so precious to me, more especially in view of the solitude in which we live.

Each evening we gather around the alfagras (an African plant), the only thing that grows amidst the sand, and discuss amongst ourselves the various questions treated in the "En Avant" (our French War Cry).

I have not always the victory in these intellectual battles, but I succeed always in putting a doubt in

(Continued on page 15.)

# PICTURES & PARAGRAPHS.

## A Young Man Sick of Life.

Came To Jesus, Followed by His Companion.

Souls are being saved at Sarnia. We have had the joy of seeing twenty souls kneel at the Cross in the past two weeks. To God be the praise.

We have just been favored with a visit from our D. O., Staff-Captain Hay, who conducted the week-end meetings, which every one seemingly enjoyed. Come again, Staff-Captain.

Captain Matier also, recently paid us a visit, and gave us his beautiful Illustrated Service. Many said "It's the best yet."

One young man, under the influence of liquor, rushed up to the Capt. before we went to the open-air, saying, "Oh, can't you help me; I'm sick of this life?"

The Captain told him he could not, but assured him of One Who could. He got converted right there, and while he was praying, his companion

way for me to enter the Training Home. My training days proved of great blessing to me, and my prayer is now that God will use me in saving many souls."

## Face Your Sins.

Don't Wear Your Hat Low.

"If every man's sins were written on his forehead," some one was smart enough to say, in a police-court recently, "we should all wear our hats very low." In other words, the sense of guilt we feel leads us instinctively to hide our wrong-doing. That, however, does not help us very much. It is like the ostrich hiding her head in the sand, and imagining she cannot be seen. The outward show of respectability may be kept up, as it often is, while the heart is polluted. What we advocate is that men should honestly face their sins, acknowledge their transgressions before God and man, and live clean lives in the

that here lay the secret of his lacking power, and apparent failure in God's work. The light poured in and revealed many precious things which would have to be surrendered. Perhaps what cost his pride most was the little pile of precious sermons, upon which he had expended so much time, care and preparation.

The struggle was very real, but it was settled at 3 a. m. one Sunday morning, and a bonfire of those prided discourses was a part at least of the sacrifice made. Then he started afresh. "I determined to go to the people," he says, "only in the presence and power of my Redeemer. The first service after that surrender, God gave me seven conversions—one for each barren year."

From that day forward, Samuel Chadwick became a real soul-winner, and he is to-day.

Turning to my mate, I said, "What's the use of his Bible now? Let's chuck it on the fire and make a blaze." But my mate dissuaded me, and we both fell asleep before the log fire.

Presently I awoke with a start, and in a great fright, for I had dreamed that the corpse of the old hermit was in flames. I rubbed my eyes and looked round. With an exclamation of terror, I roused my mate, for, in very truth, the old man was on fire. A spark from the burning logs had fallen upon him, dressed, as he was, according to the custom of those parts, in his "best" clothes, and ready for burial.

This experience, startling though it was, did nothing towards altering me, or turning my thoughts to God. I hated Him!—British Cry.

## The Power of Prayer.

BY COMMISSIONER W. ELWIN OLIPHANT.

How blessed is prayer!

The Church of God has largely lost the gift of the Holy Ghost because it has got so far from the "Upper Room" of prayer and strong crying to God.

Prayer is ever the chief method of advance in the divine life, as well as the golden key to usefulness in the Kingdom of God. We are never so near to Heaven as when in prayer.

We put off and we put on. We really grow, and then, coming forth from the presence of God, we are not afraid of the faces of the people. We are refreshed, we are armed, and we go forth into the battle with the certainty of inward and outward victory.

Moses shook the power of Egypt, and made its monarch tremble because he had seen the face of God in quietness in the desert.

Jacob overcame Esau because he had wrestled first with the Covenant Angel.

Luther faced Charles V., and made Rome quake, because he had won an inward victory in his cell in Erfurt. He was immortal, so to speak, till his work was done.

So it has ever been, and ever will be. First, let me see the face of God, and I can then calmly see the faces of enemies and friends.

## SMALL SERVICES.

Doing one's best with small opportunities is the only way to make ready for greater ones, and he who means to bless the world with lavish hand sometime, must needs begin by scattering whatever of service, help, or blessing lies in the power of his hand to-day.



Followed to the Cross by His Companion.

came rushing to the Mercy Seat, and also found God.

Other wonderful conversions have taken place. We are in for victory.—J. Pearson, Lieut.

## Very Glad He's Joined.

A Farmer's Son Tells His Story.

Lieutenant Ciphrey, of Selkirk, Man., has felt moved to send us a bit of his experience, and writes as follows:

"My father was a farmer, and his farm was located about five miles from Essex Centre, Ont. One day he went to town on business and took me with him. I was just a little fellow then, and such an event was a great pleasure to me. It was on this occasion I first saw the Army. They were marching down the street, and I thought they were a funny lot of people. Little did I think then, that I would ever join them.

Ten years later, I drove over to an Army meeting at Kingsville, with some of the fellows I was working with, and there I was convicted of sin. I repented, and knelt at the Mercy Seat, where I found Jesus, and went home at peace with God. Two years later I applied for the Work, and God wonderfully opened up the

strength of Grace. But that is about the last thing many of them want to do. If they can cover their foreheads with their hats they are happy, forgetting that sin will find them out, and, that, as a man sows, so will he assuredly reap.

## The Turning Point Between Failure and Success.

Many years ago, a boy of ten got converted. His parents were poor, and lived in a densely populated neighborhood; he went to work, therefore, as others did, at a cotton mill; but in his leisure time loved reading and study better than the usual athletic boyish games, he pored over such literature as came his way. Above all, he wanted to work for God, and at sixteen, started to preach in the country districts, as a Methodist Local Preacher. He did all he could to make his sermons good, paying much attention to their polish and fitness.

For seven years he continued preaching thus, and never saw a soul converted. Then came a crisis—under the ministry of a godly man, he was roused to the doctrine of Holiness. Searching his Bible, and deeper still, his own heart, he found

that here lay the secret of his lacking power, and apparent failure in God's work. The light poured in and revealed many precious things which would have to be surrendered. Perhaps what cost his pride most was the little pile of precious sermons, upon which he had expended so much time, care and preparation.

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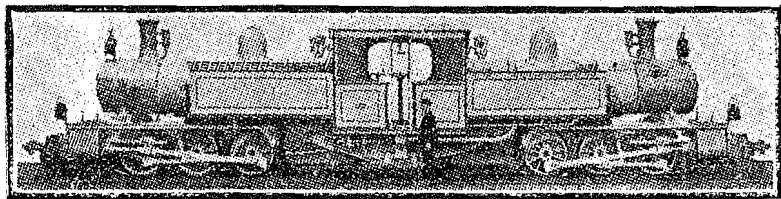
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A Quartette of Lippincott Bandmen—Bandsmen Horwood, Seaton, Martin and Softley.

# THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.



A Curious Engine For Burmah.

This engine, which resembles two placed back to back, has been specially constructed by a Lancashire firm for hauling heavy trains over steep gradients on the Burmah railways. It has two independent boilers and the wheels are arranged in groups, in the form of bogies. It takes a curve of only 300 feet radius.

## A Japanese-Korean Convention.

A new convention between Japan and Korea has been signed at Seoul. It places the administration of Korea under the guidance of the Japanese Resident General, and in other ways extends his authority.

Reuter despatches report various measures taken by the Japanese for the maintenance of order. The Marquis Ito has stated to an interviewer that the Convention disposes of the accusation that Japan intended to annex Korea. Japan's position was formerly one of adviser; now it is one of direction, but they must proceed slowly and steadily.

The Marquis Ito's plan of reform involves the disbanding of the Korean army and the substitution of an equal number of Japanese troops for the men dismissed.

## British Journalists in Canada.

A party of British journalists have lately been touring Canada for the purpose of getting a first-hand knowledge of the country, and have been greatly impressed with everything they saw.

Our visitors have seen the resources of Canada—its fisheries, forests, mines, farms, towns and cities. They have looked with wonderment on the vast stretches of fertile prairie land, the high altitudes of the Canadian Rockies, and our magnificent water stretches. They are amazed at the great distances that one has to travel in Canada to go from coast to coast. They have talked with settlers, business men, manufacturers, working men—all classes, in fact—and they have found a people without poverty and with a great deal of hope for the future.

## A Big Fine.

The immense fine of \$29,240,000, imposed by a Chicago judge on the Standard Oil Co., for 1,462 violations of the anti-Rebate Law, is arousing much interest in America. Unprecedented, however, as the amount of the fine is, it is the declaration of the judge that attracts the greatest attention. He said that he regretted that his powers did not permit him to send the men who had been violating the law to prison, and that such men, by their actions "wound society more deeply than does he who counterfeits coin or steals letters from the mail."

If this fine is ever paid, it will not be the Rockefellers and their associates who will suffer; the money will come out of the pockets of the public, which will be made to pay more for oil. Even were the fine paid by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, it would not em-

barrass him in the least. He gave away \$32,000,000 recently, with one stroke of the pen, and could make many more such gifts.

## Discovery of a Buried City.

The recent telegrams from New York, intimating the discovery, in Texas, of a great buried city, cannot fail to be of deep interest to all for whom the history of the American Continent does not begin in the latter part of the 15th century. The tradi-



The Deposed Emperor of Korea, and His Successor.

Yi Fin was succeeded on his abdication by his son, the Crown Prince. It is said, that soon after he had resigned the throne, the Emperor repented, and began to intrigue for his son's removal.

tions of those civilized races, who peopled the tableland of Anahuac or Mexico all point to a Northern origin, and the birthplace of the Aztec tribe, Aztlan, was, according to their legends, situated many days' journey to the North of Mexico. It is unlikely, however, that the city now under excavation was the original dwelling-place of the Aztecs, who, at the time of their conquest over the peoples of Mexico, were a warlike tribe, whose civilization was doubtful, and only sprang from intercourse with the more cultured races they supplanted in the Mexican plateau.

The comparative proximity of these ruins to the famous mounds or earthworks, which have been the despair of American archaeologists is most significant, and there can be little doubt that we are on the eve of some discovery which will partly or wholly

explain the long-buried mystery of the indigenous civilization of America.

## Scarcity of Fuel.

Possibilities of a fuel famine in the West this coming winter are being gravely considered. The deep snow of the past winter greatly hampered work in the bush, and but comparatively little wood was cut. Consequently, wood will be very scarce and very dear. The only hope of householders lies in the fact that the coal supply may be abundant. At present, according to an official statement, there are only 41,950 cords of wood in sight for Winnipeg's consumption.

Western Canada, although dotted with coal mines, is not yet self-supporting in the matter of fuel. Pittsburgh still holds sway in the eastern half of Manitoba, including, of course, Winnipeg. There is plenty of coal in Saskatchewan, Alberta and the Crow's Nest Pass, but not all of it is storable. Bituminous, semi-

bituminous and anthracite products in and about the foot-hills of the Rockies are, of course, capable of being put into stock for steam and domestic consumption when required; but the lignite coal of the plains, including the output of the Edmonton, Strathcona, Morinville, Medicine Hat and Roche mines, cannot be stored.

## Closing of Opium Dens.

In accordance with an Imperial decree recently issued, all the opium dens in the city of Canton, China, were closed on August 9th. The new departure caused general rejoicing throughout the city, the streets were decorated, and a number of processions, headed by bands of music, playing lively airs, marched through the main thoroughfares.

## A WELCOME TO NEW OFFICERS.

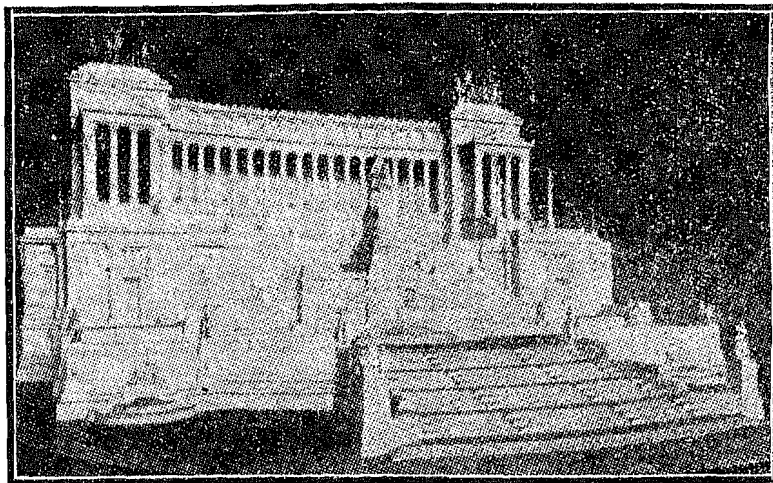
### Prodigals Are Returning.

On Sunday, August 4th, we welcomed our new Officers, Captain Moulton and Lieutenant Barry, and believe they have come to do us some real, definite good at St. John's Hill. Their first Sunday was a very joyous one, and, at the close of the day's fight, God honored us with a prodigal's return. Sunday, August 11th, was another day of victory. God worked in our Holiness meeting, and in the afternoon one backslider returned to Christ. But, the night meeting crowned the day's labor. The Lord blessed us with five souls at the Mercy Seat.

Our motto is, "Keep the fire burning." Although our corps may be small, we have the faith alright. In this meeting we had Captain Butler with us, who took the lesson, and also our previous Officer, Captain Cummings. God bless him.—J. E. Hutchings, S.-M.

## FLAG SIGNAL SERVICE AT SASKATOON.

Captain Davey was with us recently at Saskatoon, and rendered a beautiful flag signal service, which was very interesting from start to finish. The week-end was again conducted by Sister Bone, and two souls sought the blessing of a clean heart, while one other gave his heart to God.—I. T.



The Victor Emmanuel II. Memorial, at Rome.

This monument is said to be the largest in the world. It has taken twenty years to build, and may be inaugurated three years hence. The architect, Giuseppe Sacconi, died last year, but his work is being carried on by his assistant, the sculptor, Passerini.





THIRTY years ago, in the little town of Fergus, Ont., a baby boy came to gladden the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. White, who, at that time, were living on a farm. The boy was named William George, and as he grew up his parents observed that he was religiously inclined, and loved to pore over the old Bible stories.

"Willie shall be a minister," said Mrs. White one day, and from that moment she endeavored to turn his ambitions in the direction of the pulpit. Her well-planned schemes, however, were destined to come to naught, and this is how Willie was diverted from the path chosen for him by his fond mother. When he was fourteen years of age his elder brother took him to see a skating race. It was the first event of the kind he had ever attended, and he opened his eyes wide in astonishment to see the champion athletes racing at break-neck speed over the frozen surface of the lake. On that day the seed of a worldly ambition was sown in his heart. He was attracted by the sport, and later on, fascinated, so much so, that he became a devotee of all kinds of pleasure, and in order to see more of life, he left the old homestead, and struck out to battle with the world for himself.

Nine years passed away, over which period we will draw a veil. Suffice it to say that he went to Winnipeg, where he toiled hard to amass a fortune, and enjoy life at the same time. Then he got the gold fever, and went washing for the precious metal on the banks of the Saskatchewan. Just about this time, the Army opened fire at Edmonton, and the devotion of the two girl Officers strongly appealed to the better side of young White. His sympathies were ever on the side of those who seemed to be in the minority, and the apparent weakness of these people, was the strongest reason to him why he should take their part. He showed his sympathy in a practical way, and, though it was not altogether one which met with the approbation of the Army Captain, yet, she could hardly refuse to accept the prairie chickens which the Army sympathizer would go out and shoot all day Sunday. The visit of Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Margetts to Edmonton, proved to be one of the turning points of William White's career.

In the lives of most men there come special events, which they afterwards look back upon, and recognize as the hinges upon which their future turned. A wrong step taken at such a moment, may mean a whole lifetime of evil doing, whilst a right decision leads to prosperity, happiness and usefulness. There seemed to be many such periods in Adj. White's career, and his fate has often hung in the balance so evenly, that a slight tip either way would have decided his destiny. On this occasion he was brought under deep conviction of sin, through hearing Mrs. Margetts pray in the house where he was boarding. He did not sleep all that night, and the next day he could scarcely eat, so troubled was he about his soul. Yet, he sat in the meeting that night until they were about to close, and would not yield to the strivings of the Spirit. At this crucial point, the Lieutenant started to pray, and one petition she offered

## "A Bit of a Dude," and What Became of Him.

Being the Interesting Story of Adjutant William White, Whose Destiny Often Hung in the Balances.



Adjutant and Mrs. White.

up has been written on the Adjutant's memory, as with a pen of iron and letters of fire. It was this: "For the sake of Thy bleeding wounds, Oh, Christ, save that young man." He came to an instant decision, and that night knelt at the Mercy Seat.

Some years afterwards, when he was a Captain, he happened to be staying at the same place, with Mrs. Margetts and the present Praying League Secretary, Mrs. Johnstone. They were talking of the former's campaign at Edmonton, and Mrs. Margetts expressed herself as disappointed with the results. "Only a bit of a dude came forward, and he never amounted to much," she said. Mrs. Johnstone called Captain White over, calmly saying, "This is the young fellow," at the same time watching the look of amazement which spread over the face of her friend. Astonishment soon gave way to tears, however, and it was a lesson never to underestimate the results of the Lord's work again. She had some ground, however, for thinking that her convert never made much headway, for he was so backward and trembling for months, that he could never give a testimony, or take any part in the meetings, although he tried to hard enough. At last, he adopted the plan of writing out his testimony, and committing it to memory, but always forgot every word when he stood up to speak! One day he got so discouraged that he resolved to run away and hide his head, and never let anyone know that he ever had anything to do with the Army. On that night occurred another of those peculiar happenings, which just saved him in the nick of time. The Captain happened to quote the verse, "Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?" and the thought came to him that if he went to the uttermost parts of the earth he could not hide from God. So he stayed on, and one memorable night his tongue was

loosed. Under the preaching of Lieut.-Colonel Margetts, he saw his need of a clean heart, and, by faith, claimed the blessing he had so long desired. He gave such a thrilling testimony in the open-air that night, that he was asked to read the lesson in the night meeting, and from that day he has delighted to use his gift in telling sinners the story of Calvary.

When, as a Cadet, he was set to scrubbing out the cubicles, he found it very hard, especially as he had just come from an office, and had never done any work of that sort before. He stuck to his task, however, until with sore hands and knees, he was nearly played out. At this critical juncture, who should appear on the scene, but the late Brigadier Read, then Training Secretary.

"Well, Cadet, how are you getting on?" was his cheery greeting.

"Almost broken-hearted," said the poor Cadet, with a sigh.

"Look at that text, my lad," said the Brigadier.

And glancing up the Cadet read, "Calvary's love will win. He learnt a wonderful lesson through that simple incident.

His first corps was at Riverdale, where, after a few month's stay, he was promoted to Captain, and sent to Brampton. The proudest moment of his life was when he donned the red braid. He went to his new appointment, expecting that the whole corps would be at the station to welcome the new Captain, with colors flying, drum beating and loud volleys resounding! Only a ragged little urchin came up to him, however, as he stood forlornly on the platform, and, looking up at him said, "Are you our Captain?"

"I don't know, my boy," he replied, "I've come to be somebody's Captain."

"Well, my papa sent me to meet you, he's Sergeant-Major, you know."

And the great reception was over.

At Hamilton, Captain White assisted Adjutant (now Brigadier) Burditt, for a while, and from him learnt some of the choicest lessons of his life. At Huntsville, quite a revival occurred, and in a few months, over forty-five soldiers were enrolled. Then he went back to Riverdale, where he tackled his first building scheme, and erected the fine barracks that stands there to-day. It was here he was married. Whilst a Cadet, he had met a young lady at Lisgar Street, who greatly encouraged him once when he was feeling very downhearted. The advice she gave him was, "Remember what it has cost you to get where you are," and it made him ponder over his struggles and his victories, and resolve to go on to the end. The young lady became Captain Craig, and finally consented to change her name to White.

Together, they had some experiences in the West, and then returned to Ontario. The Adjutant was selected for Special financial work about two years ago, and has travelled much since, on behalf of various building schemes and Rescue Homes.

He believes that every Officer ought to try and improve the Army property under their control, and have everything in good shape, bright, cheerful and attractive. Another strong weapon which the Adj. uses is Cottage prayer meetings, and he believes that most of the revivals which have taken place in the corps at which he has been stationed, originated from that humble source.

"Be everlastingly at it," is one of his favorite mottoes, and he carries it out in his own life, without ostentation, and goes along smiling and buoyant.

### Riverdale Band at Lawn Social

They Entertain Their Friends of the Epworth League, With Music and Song.

The members of a Methodist Church on King Street, Toronto, recently thought it would be a good plan to invite a Salvation Army Band down to their usual Monday night meeting, and the Riverdale Band thought it would be a good thing if they accepted the invitation. They went down, therefore, twenty-six strong, and for two hours delighted the people of the neighborhood with a programme of music and song.

The gathering could be described as an open-air social, for it was held on the beautiful lawn attached to the church, which was decorated with long strings of Chinese lanterns for the occasion. Everything was bright and lively, and between the musical selections the people broke up into little groups and carried on animated discussions on various topics of interest. All the young urchins in the district lined the fence behind, and some even scrambled on the adjoining roofs, to witness the proceedings, and listen to the band. It was evidently a rare treat for them.

Mr. Foy, the President of the League, conducted the opening exercises, and then introduced the Riverdale Band to the audience, and handed over the rest of the evening to them.

An enjoyable evening was drawn to a close by the Band playing the National Anthem, after which everyone joined in singing the Doxology, and the Captain prayed that God's blessing might be upon them all.

## The Invasion of Chester.

Our Newest Band Commissioned and Eight Souls Captured for Christ.

On Monday, August 12th, the village of Chester was invaded by a host of Salvationists and friends from Toronto, who came to enjoy and take part in a very special meeting. The newly-formed band was to be commissioned; also some local officers, and great interest was manifested in the affair. A rousing solo from Staff-Capt. Manton helped to keep things lively. Our artist has depicted one of his characteristic postures in a corner of his sketch. The six members of the new band then stood forward to receive their commissions. Their names are as follows: Bandmaster Woodyer, solo cornet; Bandsman Carter, euphonium; Bandsman Harrison, trombone; Bandsman Green-shields, bass. One sister has volunteered to play a tenor horn until someone else is willing or able to take up the instrument. Capt. Nutt is also taking a cornet. The office of Sergeant-Major falls to Brother Carwardine, one of the oldest and most trusted soldiers of that part of the city. From henceforth he assumes the responsibilities of "chief spiritual adviser" to the corps. Sister Mrs. Watson was appointed J. S.-M. She said that already seven little ones have knelt at Jesus' feet and asked forgiveness. This is an encouraging start for the Junior work.

Brother Lotten, who is being transferred from Riverdale, spoke a few words, and many comrades from other corps gave excellent testimonies, one of the soldiers from East Toronto saying that he meant to do his best for the Saviour. Captain Walker, who is busy collecting for a new barracks at Wychwood, and Captain Layman, of the Financial Staff also, both took part in the meeting. A short address from Staff-Captain Manton kept the crowd alternately in absolute silence and in roars of laughter, and when Adjutant McElheney cast the net for sinners, a very powerful impression had been made on many hearts.

"Godliness is profitable unto all things," said the Adjutant, and he called upon the ungodly to choose that which would benefit them in this life and the next. Seven young men responded to the invitation, and knelt at the Mercy Seat, one of them giving up a packet of cigarettes. A young girl also came forward, seeking pardon, and everyone rejoiced over the glorious victory, which augurs well for the future prosperity of the corps.

## The "Cheer-Up" Troupe.

Dear Editor:—

Thinking you'd like to hear from the Far West occasionally, I pen these few lines, to let you know that our first place of labor for the Master (as a Cheer Up Troupe) was at Nanaimo, the well known Coal Camp. Here we found Captain McWilliams and Lieutenant Cossman, all smiles and prepared to do what they could to stir things up a bit. The fight here is hard, but prospects for a good corps are splendid now, as the city is gradually coming to the front. Emigrants are flocking in daily; property is rising in value, and altogether things are looking up. We only saw one soul saved and one soldier sanctified, but we believe more than this was done, to be revealed at the judgment bar, if not before.

# FISHERS OF MEN.

## HOW A YOUNG CONVERT WON HIS CHUM.

(To our Frontispiece.)

One of the leading causes of the Army's great soul-saving victories all round the world is the Salvationist's own sense of responsibility for personal dealing with unconverted souls. No sooner does he, as a "pardoned sinner, rise from the mercy-seat than he is made to feel that he is accountable to God for the souls of the men and women round about him.

And this responsibility is not confined to the meetings or the hall; with his family at home, in the workshop, when travelling, or wherever he may be, his very uniform proclaims the fact that every Salvation Soldier ought to be a fisher of men.

Just as Andrew, when he had found the Saviour, immediately sought out his brother and brought him to Jesus, so our comrades, in the conflicts of their daily labor, and personal testimony, are winning many victories which are never recorded except in Heaven. Here is an interesting incident of how one convert led his chum to Christ:—

The present Bandmaster of Woodstock, Ont., relates that he first went to the Army twenty years ago out of curiosity. The meeting greatly impressed him, but he never went again for a whole year, and then something occurred which turned his thoughts towards eternal things once more. A friend of his had got saved in the Army, and the change in his life was very real. One day he came to see George Cleaver and found him smok-

ing a pipe in the garden.

"George," he said, "God can save you from that tobacco!"

George was startled by the suddenness of the attack.

"Can He?" he exclaimed, "How do you know?"

"Because He's saved me. Oh, I tell you, George, I've got hold of something good, and I want you to come to the Army and get saved too."

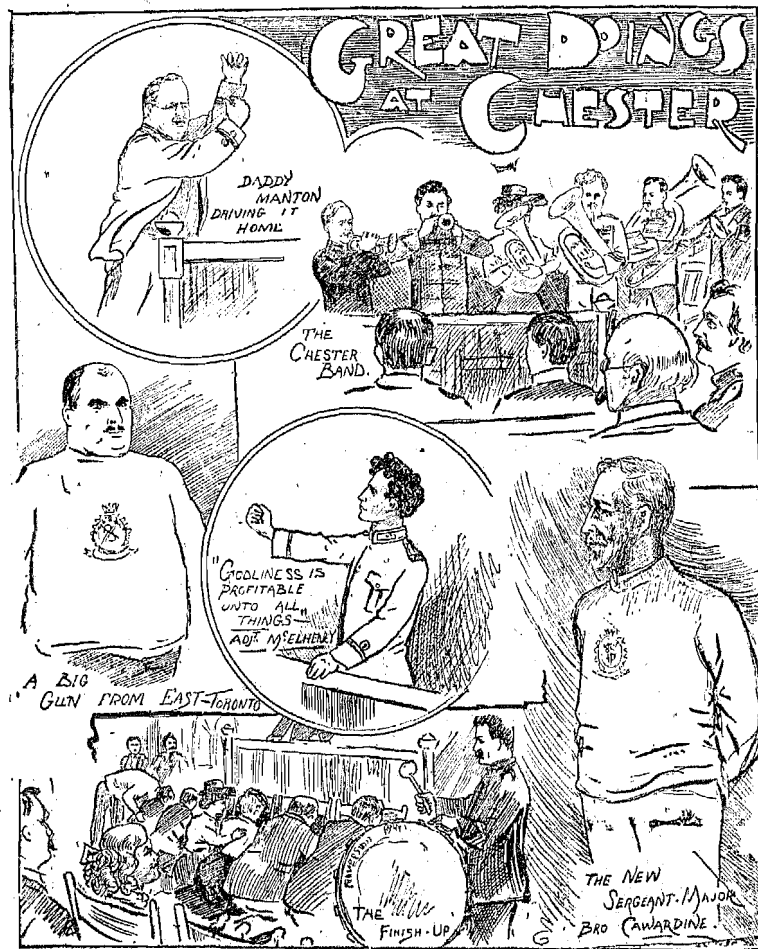
Then the enthusiastic young convert knelt down and prayed for his friend. The result was that George promised to go the Army, and in the second meeting he attended he gave his heart to God. He then found something good himself, and thinking that the people who had been used by God to convert his soul were the only people for him, he joined the Army right away, and has faithfully served God in its ranks ever since.

Personal work like this is something we are all able to do, and no doubt more souls have been won in this way than by public efforts. Go to any Sunday night meeting at a corps and see what percentage of folks volunteer to the mercy seat, and what number are won by persistent and faithful effort on the part of the fishers. The majority are led to decide for God by indirect personal appeal, and often have to be sought earnestly and fought hard for. We must be fishers of men if we want to see God's work prosper.

From Nanaimo we went to Vancouver, where we had the pleasure of hearing those saints of God, Adj. and Mrs. Thorkildson, telling about their labors for God, amongst the Indians. We mentally resolved to be better warriors, and to trust God more, while listening to them.

After a run of twenty-eight hours duration (through heat and dust), we arrived in Fernie, B. C., where we

spent a joyous week. Ensign Pickle and Captain Cook (late of Paris, Ont.) have things well in hand here, and God is blessing their efforts in this, their first Western corps. On Sunday, God in His mercy, gave us 5 precious souls, and on Monday night, another decided to shoulder the cross, and not only be a hearer of the Word, but a doer as well. The Band here is O. K., and did splendid service.



I noticed they knew how to fish and pray as well as play.

We leave to-night for Lethbridge, where we mean to do all we can to win souls for the Kingdom, and soldiers for the S. A.—More anon.

Yours in the War,

G. S. Johnstone, Capt.

## A CHAT WITH BRIGADIER McMILLAN.

### The Anti-Suicide Work at Chicago

It was a pleasure to shake hands with the genial person of our erstwhile Canadian comrade, who was spending a few furlough days in Toronto—the scene of so many former battles.

Brigadier McMillan finds his hands full with splendid soul-saving effort, in connection with the prison operations of the Salvation Army, the Brighter Day League and the Bureau for Anti-Suicide Work at Chicago, the Headquarters of the Western States.

During the few months in which the latter has been opened, to give confidential counsel to would-be suicides, some excellent work has been done. The Brigadier has personally interviewed over one hundred and thirty male applicants, many of them coming long distances to seek this advice, and eighty of them were saved from carrying out their terrible thought. The temptation arises in the majority of cases from despondency, owing to the lack of employment, or failure to obtain situations by which to make a livelihood—Some, however, have lost the buoyant hopefulness of life through the loss of relatives, money or health—in many cases the latter is due to the fruits of their own wrong-doing, and when the awful fact confronts them that they have contracted what they believe to be an incurable disease, despair grips their hearts and mind, and suggests the darkest sin which mortal man can commit.

Others are again haunted by the stinging remorse of a guilty conscience. A husband and father who gave way to drink and evil associations, journeyed a long distance from home and became entangled in the meshes of foul temptation. He awoke one morning to the bald truth of his guilty companionship, and his heart and memory smote him heavily—The vision of his pure wife, patient, loving and long-suffering, and his precious little ones in that far distant home came back to him with overwhelming tenderness, and his sin against them appeared to his own soul in unpardonable light—He must end it all.—He could not face it out. In that frame of mind he sought the counsel of the Salvation Army Anti-Suicide Representative. A short time elapsed, in which communications were exchanged, and very soon he was received back by a forgiving wife, a sorrier but a better man.

Many applications for advice come by wire and mail, and receive immediate attention. Girls' and women's cases are dealt with by Mrs. Commissioner Kilbey herself.

The useful results of the Bureau prove how wise and salutary was its creation, the immediate product, as War Cry readers will remember, of our beloved General's tender sympathy and large-heartedness for those in distress.

# THE WAR CRY

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## Comments on Current Matters.

### King Edward as Peacemaker.

The following despatch is being widely published in the Press as originating in Paris:—

It is the general opinion that King Edward, the world's peacemaker, has crowned his mighty work at Wilhelmshöhe and Ischl. That is the interpretation which his friends put upon his conferences with the German and Austrian Kaisers. The general public throughout Europe seem to share this rosy optimism, and everywhere one hears that such academic discussions as The Hague conference are superfluous and unimportant as compared with the wonderful practical diplomacy of the British Sovereign.

The King's achievement from the point of view of the preservation of the world's peace is great, but it is still greater from the point of view of British patriotism. He has successfully piloted the British Empire from a position of splendid but dangerous isolation to one of allied or friendly companionship with all mankind.

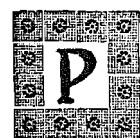
No serious international dispute can now arise in which Britain will not be able to turn the scale with almost overwhelming weight to one side or the other. She can compel disputants to compromise or arbitrate, or in the event of refusal, she can so influence the attitude of the other powers as almost to control the issue.

### Personal Dealing.

In the preceding paragraph we have a striking recognition of the beneficial possibilities of personal influence in National interests; one for which, as Salvationists and patriots, we cannot praise God too heartily. The frontispiece to this issue calls attention to the same great possibility in still weightier matters, which reach out into Eternity—the destinies of immortal souls with whom we daily come in contact—and bless or curse; help or hinder; consciously or unconsciously. Possibly none of us can correctly estimate our range of influence over our fellows. Certain it is, that the powers of personal suasion, are given to mankind to be used in the highest service. Did we but realize as individuals that probably in each meeting we attend and every day of our lives, someone is within our reach whom we could win for Christ, how ardently should we set to work to find out that soul, and fulfil our ministry towards it. Let us be more desperate in our personal efforts for others' salvation, and prove ourselves "true fishers of men." "Of some have compassion, making a difference, and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire."

# THE GENERAL'S FOURTH MOTOR CAMPAIGN.

## Through Picturesque Wales—Adding History to Historical Landmarks—Humor and Pathos.



PASSING from the densely populated Lancashire milling districts, and through Cheshire, into rural Wales, the second week of the General's remarkable Motor Campaign added many splendid Salvation triumphs to those already recorded.

A magnificent meeting was held at Southport, after the General had been Officially met and welcomed by the Mayor and Councillors on the open space opposite the Town Hall.

Liverpool followed, and it is said, "that in no city or town previously visited, was there witnessed such a crush, or even such an amount of enthusiasm, as was met with in the district of Liverpool VIII. The General's car, and those accompanying it, had absolutely to force their way through the seething mass of people, cheering to their heart's content."

### A Novel Experience.

The two counties of Lancashire and Cheshire are separated by a wonderful transport bridge, across the River Mersey—over this the motor fleet must necessarily pass. "The Manchester Canal runs parallel with the river at this point. The four cars occupied practically the whole of the available platform space, and, as we were piloted across, suspended in mid-air, with the trolleys silently working over our heads, we not unnaturally shivered a wee bit, in looking at the bridge above us, and then at the water beneath!" says the Cry Correspondent.

Through many cordial and rousing greetings at wayside villages and busy country towns, the party reached rural and picturesque Wales, and started upon a new phase of the tour, humor and pathos co-mingled. The General's ready wit, and his evident touching appreciation of the interest manifested, were called forth by the various wayside incidents. At one place, the inmates of a lunatic Asylum displayed genuine enthusiasm in their efforts to get a glimpse of the General, and some of his staff, whom they were sane enough to recognize.

Llandudno is a very frequented watering place, in which the S. A. has no corps. Five thousand visitors (English and Welsh) were eager to see the General, and the Urban District Council undertook arrangements to give our Leader a unique reception. The Happy Valley, a jubilee gift to the town, by Lord Mostyn, was resolved upon for the gathering. No more picturesque meeting place to be found in this locality, with its mountain peaks, granite hills, and peaceful shores. In this natural amphitheatre, were seated, in chairs or on the grass, five thousand people at least—eager to make the valley ring with their greetings to the great man who was to honor the town by his presence.

The sight staggered the General. "Can I be heard?" he exclaimed, as his eye measured the distance and magnitude of the assembly, and as if he dreaded to disappoint the people.

Staff Officers scaled the hills, rushed to the rear of the vast assemblage, and listened to Colonel Eadie's clear, modulated voice. The verdict was "most audible"—though the Chief, direct guardian, for the nonce of the General, demurred to the optimism of his staff.

But the sequel was a physical feat, and one of the finest exhibitions of open-air speaking the General has given since he was at Sodertelge, Sweden, a few years ago. And he actually spoke for an hour and ten minutes!

The General spoke with the vigor of youth, and on the lines of a logician. The demonstration at the close was spontaneous, and testified to the amazement of his listeners.

The moral tone of the gathering was in keeping with its dramatic surroundings, and it only remains for me to add the following facts: (1) The Town Councillors took up the collection, which amounted to \$250.00. (2) Mr. Churchill, of the Happy Valley Entertainment, announced the visit of the General at all the shows of the week. (3) The General and Staff were entertained by the Chairman of the Council—to prove that it was a red-letter day in the history of this rising and charming watering place.

Two other historic landmarks the General also visited; holding memorable meetings in the ruins of the far-famed Conway Castle. Eager lines of people peopled the high walls, while the Mayor, in scarlet, read an address from an illuminated scroll.

The reply was a fine medley of dignity, grace and humor, and solemn appeal to the highest demands and commands of God—a speech in every sense worthy of the historic occasion.

"I must confess," began the General, in a vein of pleasantry, "that this looks very agreeable. Some of you, perhaps, think that General Booth has fallen in with a good thing—that he is a lucky fellow. (Laughter.) Perhaps you fancy that it is a splendid recreation to be riding round in a motor car and to have flowers, fruit and kisses thrown at me; but" (dropping his voice to a pitch of deep feeling) I want to tell you that this distinction has only been gained after much toil, after passing through many a sea of sorrow, after many trials and tears and hardships.

"Even to-day, no matter how hard I work, I am expected, like a prize-fighter, to come up smiling. (Laughter.) And I am glad I am not disappointing my friends. As I look upon you this afternoon, what shall I say? This is a new platform for even me. This castle, with its galleries up there—(the people on the walls smiled) seems an uncommonly fine place for a meeting. (Laughter.) I am glad I am here. I suppose there have been instances, in days gone by, when some here found it easy to get in, but more hard to get out. And I dare say, some never came out at all." (Loud laughter.)

Space forbids a detailed account of the General's subsequent visit to Carnarvon Castle.

## Headquarters Notes

As announced elsewhere in this issue, the welcome meeting of Canada's new Chief Secretary, Colonel Sowton and his family, will be conducted by the Commissioner, at the Temple, on Thursday, September 5. This meeting is sure to attract an immense crowd, and will be of a most interesting character.

We can already assure the Colonel that a very cordial welcome awaits him in these climes. Letters addressed to Colonel Sowton, at the T. H. Q. will be handed to him immediately on arrival, but those who desire to reach him prior to his arrival in Toronto, can safely address them in care of Staff-Captain Paterson, 16 Palace St., Quebec, who will be delighted to hand such to the Colonel.

The Temple soldiery and friends are anticipating, with delight, a whole days' salvation warfare, under the lead of the Chief Secretary, September, 8th.

Another intensely interesting meeting looms in the horizon of the near future. The Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs will preside at the Reception meeting of the new Cadets, who will form the next session at the Training College. This is timed for September 16th, and one of the principal features of the gathering, will be the dedication under the Flag of Major Cameron, who will then enter upon her new duties.

## MRS. BOOTH'S LATEST ACQUISITION.

### A New Home for Women at Liverpool—Opened by the General During His Motor Tour.

One of the most important events upon the General's agenda to be accomplished during his passage in Motor, was the opening of a fourth Institution at Liverpool, connected with the Women's Social Work, under the Superintendency of Mrs. Booth. The other Homes already existent, are designated variously as a Rescue Home, Young Mother's and Infant's Home, and a Slum Settlement Home. The new institution, with accommodation for 150 inmates is for the poorer women toilers in the vast city. It was purchased and presented to the Army for this purpose, by Miss Fowler, as a memorial to her sainted mother.

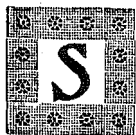
The Lord Mayor, in a few choice sentences, expressed the pleasure of the citizens at the visit of the General, who had deservedly won the esteem, confidence and affection of the nation. In him and the Army, they trusted for the regeneration of the submerged tenth of Liverpool and the country, and nobly were they doing their work.

The General, in a splendid address, got at the hearts of his crowded congregation straightaway. "The Army was doing its part," he said, "in the last few years, something like fifty thousand girls had been rescued from lives of infamy and shame, and the number was constantly increasing." He feelingly referred to the great labors of Mrs. Booth in her superintendency of the Women's Social Work, which was ever developing, remarking that he could not adequately express his admiration for the sacrifices and skill with which the difficult task was performed.



# The Death of Commissioner Higgins.

The General's Tribute---His Last Letter---The Chief of the Staff Speaks of Him---How Mrs. Higgins Received the News---  
A Brief Resume of the Commissioner's Life.



OME more information is to hand this week concerning the promotion to glory of Commissioner Higgins. The General's tribute speaks for itself.

## THE GENERAL'S TRIBUTE.

Comrades and Friends;—

We are again called upon to suffer the loss of a long-trying and valued Officer. Commissioner Higgins has passed to his reward.

The manner of his death has, in a remarkable way, corresponded to the manner of his life. It was never his custom to make a great stir about the work he did for his Master. When he saw his duty and heard the call to it, he simply embraced and discharged it to the best of his ability, and that right away.

His summons from earth seems to have been faced and complied with in the same quiet, decorous, and satisfactory fashion. The call came in the silent hours of the night. He went to Heaven in his sleep.

His departure is distinctly a loss to the Army. Thirty years ago he exchanged an honorable and remunerative business for the great opportunity of serving his Lord, and of usefulness to his fellow men, offered by the position of Salvation Army Officership.

His career has been one of loyalty and devotion, and therefore, it has been one of success and happiness, to himself and to those who have labored with him. I cherish his memory, follow him in spirit to his Heavenly Home, and anticipate, with unspeakable satisfaction, meeting with him there.

Oh, comrades and friends, the call may come to us with equal suddenness. We must one and all be ready, with our loins girt and our lamps burning.

May I ask the reader, whose eye is resting on this page, whether Officer, soldier or stranger, the question—If the call should come to you when slumber has fallen upon you, this very night, would it find you forgiven, cleansed, baptized with the Holy Spirit, doing your duty to your fellows, ready to meet the Master—ready, all ready!—to ascend to the Lord's right hand?

For this prays your affectionate General,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

Next to the General, probably no Officer knew the Commissioner better than the Chief of the Staff. The following is an extract from a beautiful appreciation in which the Chief gives us a few reminiscences of the departed warrior:

"Believe me, my dear Chief, yours obediently, to fight till I die, Edward Higgins." Such were the last words of the last letter written by Commissioner Higgins, and dated the 1st of August. He died a few hours later, passing to God in the solitude of his own chamber, in the darkness of the night, and, so far as we can know, in the calm of peaceful slumber. The words are characteristic of the man. They are fragrant of the spirit of his life. They express in a clear and vigorous fashion, the ruling qualities which made him what he was—respectful affection, devoted obedience, and enduring courage.

### A Personality.

Edward Higgins was a striking personality. In carriage and figure he was a man much above the average in dignity and energy. In late years especially, his fine white hair gave an air of distinction to his appearance, which commanded attention. In mind he was richly endowed with that uncommon but inestimable gift—common sense. In heart he was a true brother—full of sympathy, and, with a great stock of patience for the weak and suffering. His whole nature abhorred that which was untrue or insincere, and he loved with equal fervour, what was genuine and outspoken. He delighted in his work. To see men restored to God,

and to know that he had a part in guiding the work entrusted to him, was indeed his meat and drink.

### A Large Hearted Man.

Commissioner Higgins had a true love for the whole world. He was born an Englishman, and for many years trained in a narrow school of English thought and conceit. When he began, in the course of his work, in the Army, to encounter Officers and people of other nations, he had many prejudices to overcome, and some strong personal dislikes to get rid of. But he did overcome them. The love of God, and the grand idea of Brotherhood for which the Army stands, opened his eyes, lifted his thoughts on to a totally different plane, and not only softened but enlarged his heart.

### Good and Intensely Practical.

Edward Higgins was a good man. The governing influence in his life was a true devotion to his God. Brought to Christ after wandering in the far country, he never ceased to realize the value of his Saviour's sacrifice, and his own simple faith in the precious blood, helped many a poor sinner home to a pardoning God. His religion was of the intensely practical kind. He had no countenance for mere talk, and his quick perception of every kind of humbug came from his own intense reality.

It was this religion of personal service which took him to India—where he worked for seven years virtually without a home, in order that he might be more free to meet the demands of his work.

## MRS. HIGGINS'S LOSS.

### Breaking the News.

It had been arranged (says Colonel Mildred Duff) for Mrs. Higgins to travel to Scotland on Tuesday, to join the Commissioner in their new home. The carpets were, therefore, taken up and the furniture packed on Friday, and she had but a few details to see to, before going to the home of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Emerson, with whom she was to spend the week-end.

Before leaving her room on Friday morning, and while praying as usual for the Commissioner (who she knew was not at all well) Mrs. Higgins said, "Lord, this day lay Thy healing hand upon him." Then it seemed as though a voice suddenly said: "What if he needs your prayers no longer? What if he is gone?" She put the thought from her, at the same time saying, "Oh, Lord, if it is to be, give me grace to say, 'Thy will be done.'" However, she did not pray any more, but rose from her knees and went downstairs.

The day before a friend had told her of someone in great distress, and after breakfast, Mrs. Higgins packed a basket of groceries and food and set off on her tricycle on her errand of mercy.

"God has been so good to me," she said, "I was so happy in going to Scotland to the Commissioner, that I felt I must be careful not to forget the sorrows of others."

On her return to the house, a telegram from the National Headquarters was put into her hand, telling her that unsatisfactory news had been received concerning the Commissioner's health, and promising further information later.

### No Bitter Feelings.

She guessed the worst—as any woman would—and sat at the window in a fever of anxiety, until, with the least possible delay, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Emerson arrived, sent by Headquarters to break the news, as Colonel and Mrs. Higgins were still away on the Continent. As soon as she saw them, she knew what their coming meant, and her grief was terrible to witness.

But it is at times like these, that we see the reality of the Saviour's presence and help.

Later in the afternoon I found Mrs. Higgins, overcome, indeed, with sorrow, but with no bitter or harsh feeling against the One Who had so suddenly darkened all her sky.

"I'm not saved a bit," she sobbed, "for I cannot say 'Thy will be done' but, Oh, I want to say it—and God understands, doesn't He? He knows I don't mean to be rebellious."

To both Mrs. Emerson and myself, in spite of her sorrow, there was something unspeakably triumphant in her words.

She sat in the bare, desolate house, strewn with packing-cases, while the maid silently relaid strips of carpet and put back a few chairs. The new

home that was to be, had gone for ever; the journey to Scotland, on which she had reckoned, was to be undertaken, only that she might look for the last time on her husband's face, and yet she grasped upwards for the Hand of God.

"The Lord is indeed wonderfully upholding her," said Mrs. Booth, whose visit, that same evening, brought with it much comfort. I thought, "Yes, truly, God will not be in anyone's debt, and Mrs. Higgins is even now reaping the reward of her unswerving devotion to the Kingdom. She never withheld the Commissioner from any service the Lord called him to render, she made it possible for him to go even to the ends of the earth; and only on the Resurrection Morning shall we know how large was her share in all that he accomplished."

As I turned away in the darkness, I felt, "Thank God for our Salvation Army wives, who make possible a life of warfare, such as the one that has just closed in triumph at Glasgow."

### The Commissioner's Life Story.

A lonely, sensitive boy, dragged from play to grim formalities, which he was told constituted religion, and impressed with the idea of God as an exacting task-master, rather than a loving Father—such was Edward Higgins.

As a consequence, he drifted into a fierce, restless frame of mind, while all the time longing for that, which God alone can give to the craving heart. His uncle had always intended that he should succeed him in business, but the lad was longing to get away from home control of the sort indicated, and at the age of eighteen, was so outspoken about it, that his guardian agreed to his going to Bristol.

### A Professor of Religion.

The young man meant to taste "the sweets of freedom," and in doing so nearly made shipwreck of his life. His employer was an infidel, and noticed, with pleasure, his assistant's aversion to church and chapel going. He supplied him with infidel literature, and introduced him to others, who laughed at religion.

An interval of sickness helped the young man to turn from outward sin, and after a while, he married and settled in Reading. Here he became what is known as "a professor" of Christianity, but until he came in contact with the Army, he had none of the "vital force," which he knew he wanted to make God and Heaven, self-sacrifice and service, joyous realities of everyday life.

The way in which God led him to the Army was a very wonderful one. He did not approve of the Salvationists; his sense of "respectability" was offended by their "rough-and-ready" methods; and when he was asked to use his influence with Mr. Palmer, to "house" the corps at Basingtoke, he declined.

Some one suggested that he was merely acting on blind prejudice, and, with his customary love of justice, he so far admitted that to be the case, that he looked into the Movement. What the exact effect was upon his mind, is not clear, but he got them the use of an old boat-house at Reading; and, when he went to London, on a temperance campaign, his wife

(Continued on page 12.)

# The Week-End's Despatches.

## SOME GLORIOUS TRIUMPHS OF FAITH.

Read These Reports and See How God and Man are Working Together for the World's Good.

### LIEUT.-COL. AND MRS. SCOTT AT MONTREAL.

#### Ensign Bristow Kept Things Moving.

A short time ago Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Scott, of Kansas City, did special meetings all day at Montreal 1., and eight souls found salvation as a result of a full day's meetings. Ensign Bristow, who has been in charge of our corps for the past month, has kept everything up to the mark, and when our own officers returned, crowds turned out to welcome them back, and we feel that the Ensign has done his utmost for the welfare of the corps. Six souls came forward for salvation last Sunday.—Bonjour.

### STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. HAY VISIT THEDFORD.

#### Captain Matier Also Looks In.

A good week-end was enjoyed at Thedford. Staff-Captain and Mrs. Hay have been with us, and all have come in for a good rousing and soul-blessing time. Crowds and finances excellent. On Monday night Captain Matier gave his lantern lecture, which everybody pronounced as being the best seen for some time. Captain Simpson is still battling on for God.—One in the Fight.

### BOOMING THE TOURISTS.

A special feature of the War in Gravenhurst corps this week, was a meeting on Sparrow Lake. Captain Boynton and Lieutenant Willis visit-



ed all the tourists in the neighborhood, and their advertising brought a good crowd. A huge bonfire was started on their arrival, which enabled them to see and be seen. The spiritual result of this meeting will be known in eternity.

On Saturday night, we greatly rejoiced to see two backsliders at the Mercy Seat, and after hard fighting on Sunday, another backslider volunteered for Salvation, making three for the week-end. Hallelujah!—Fritz.

### TWO STAFF-CAPTAINS LED ON.

#### The Lippincott Songsters to the Front.

On Sunday, August 18th, Lippincott Street corps was led on by Staff-Captains Attwell and Turpin, during the absence of Adjutant and Mrs. Kendall, who are at present on rest. Captain Pattenden also assisted. The Holiness meeting was a blessed time. At 2.30 p.m., a musical meeting was held in the University

Grounds. Vocal and Trombone solos and Violin duets were among the items rendered. The Band boys rallied well to the open-air, and stood by their officers all day. Finances were excellent, especially in the park.

In the night meeting some songsters made their first appearance, and sang very effectively, "When the roll is called up yonder."—A Gooch.

### OLD OFFICER VISITS CORPS.

#### A Definite Surrender.

The Parliament Street corps has been moving along during the week, and some excellent open-air work has been carried on. Captain Meader was with us on Sunday morning, and spoke some encouraging words to the soldiers. At the meeting in the park we had an excellent crowd, and Capt. Simpson came along to help us with song.

Two knelt at the Mercy Seat in the night meeting. One was a young man who had been attracted to the Army by the open-air. He was deeply under conviction, and came forward boldly to make his peace with God.

### MEANS TO GO AGAIN.

#### Three S. A. Soldiers Get a Sudden Promotion.

This is how an Army meeting impressed the correspondent, who sent us the following letter:

Moose Jaw, Sask.

Dear Editor:—

I was looking through the Morning "News" on Wednesday, and saw the Salvation Army had a special meeting for that evening, led on by Ensign Copping, Captain Burton and Lieutenant Bolton. These are three members of the Moose Jaw corps, promoted, I understand, for the evening, by their Officers (Ensign and Mrs. Habbirk). As it happened to be Fair Day, I thought I would treat the children and take them along.

There were crowds at the open-air stand, and, although rather noisy, they seemed to have a good time. They went to Main Street for another open-air. I followed them inside. Lieutenant Bolton led the testimonies and every one seemed to enjoy the singing. Captain Burton then gave a sketch of his life. I tell you, if the Salvation Army are helping these citizens, to lead a good life, I mean to go there again.—Brown Head.

### HE FELL THROUGH TOBACCO.

On Tuesday, the 6th, the Port Arthur corps united with us at Fort William, and on Wednesday we returned the visit, and had a lively time. On Sunday night a backslider returned to God. The use of tobacco had led to his downfall.—Ensign Orego, per T. S. W.

### MAJOR AND MRS. GREEN VISIT WOODSTOCK.

#### Corps Has a Picnic at Fairmount.

Major and Mrs. Green paid us a visit at Woodstock, Ont., on the 8th, and it was a treat to hear them sing and listen to their addresses. Good crowds came to both the open-air and inside meetings, and the finances were good. Everyone was sorry that their visit was so short, but we look forward to a longer visit in the near future. Our annual picnic was held at Fairmount Park on August 12. Everyone took the earliest car, and when we arrived we had our photo taken. The children then wandered around the Park for a while, and the band gave several selections. Some games and races followed, and the Sergeant-Major and his helpers spared no effort to make it enjoyable for all. Before starting for home every one was treated to ice cream, and we consider the outing a success in every way.—Mrs. J. Paul.

### PETERBORO BAND ON TOUR.

#### Good Time at Port Hope.

We had the Peterboro Silver Band with us at Port Hope on Saturday last. This was the first stopping place of the band on their tour through the Province. The town was fairly roused with their soul-stirring music. At night the town hall was well filled to listen to the musical treat provided by the band. They appeared to be a happy lot of band boys, and we pray they may be made a great blessing throughout their tour. Brigadier Hargrave was in command, assisted by Ensign Bristow. We are in for victory, and mean to give the devil a tough time. We have had three souls out for salvation during this last three weeks, two of whom are doing well. God bless them.—Lieut. Yorke, for Captain Osmond.

### SOCIAL TIME AT THE SOO.

#### Staff-Captain McLean Present.

The Lord has been with us all the week at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. Staff-Capt. McLean and Capt. Ritchie were with us for Saturday night and all day Sunday. Saturday night we had a social time as a welcome to the Staff-Captain, it being his first time here. The Canadian corps brass band, together with Captain Chislett and Lieutenant Marshall, were in attendance, and altogether we had a blessed time. Good meetings all day Sunday, commencing with the kneed-rill at the home of Brother Irwin. Four little girls in the holiness meeting came forward seeking salvation, and the blessing of a clean heart. In the afternoon meeting one dear girl who once loved Jesus, but had wandered away, came back to God. The evening service was very impressive, and although no one surrendered, we believe God's spirit was felt.—Margaret Murray.

On Sunday morning, at Moose Jaw, in the holiness meeting one soul came forward for sanctification, and at

night one for salvation. The Ensign is all alive and keeps us on the move. The open-air work is making good headway, too, under his leadership.—F. J. G.

### A DRUM-HEAD CONVERT.

#### Two New Soldiers Arrive.

God's Spirit is very manifest at Pembroke, Ont. One young man knelt at the drum-head recently, seeking forgiveness from God for his sinful life. Two new soldiers have arrived to help fight for God here, and the Captain wishes to get a new Hall on Main Street. Our finances are good, and the open-air attendance is large (for here). The Young People's Work is progressing nicely, and much interest is taken by the children in the Company lessons.—Dusty, R. T. M.

### LANTERN SERVICE A SUCCESS.

#### A "Wide-Awake" Agent.

God has been good to us at Strathroy of late, and we have felt His presence mightily. Capt. Matier, that wide-awake G. B. M. agent, has been with us, and Monday night's service, entitled "Paying the Fare," given by the Captain, was a grand success. We had splendid crowds and better finances. The comrades say they never saw such a crowd at a lantern service before.—W. Beattie.

### A HALLELUJAH MARCH.

#### Eight Souls Find Pardon.

We have had a glorious week-end at Peterboro. The Band left Saturday afternoon on their tour, and so we had to get along as well as we could without them. But although the band was absent, God was certainly with us, for the soldiers turned out well to the open-air Saturday night, when we had good crowds and finances. Live meetings all day Sunday, led by Adj. and Mrs. Wiggins. At night God's Holy Spirit was with us, and when the invitation, "Come, for all things are now ready," was given, before we started to sing, one volunteer came, then another, and then a third, all men, followed by a married couple, both kneeling at the cross together. A man then left the meeting under deep conviction, got out in the street, and then returned and walked deliberately to the penitent form. This man has fought for King Edward in South Africa, but now intends, he says, to fight for the King of kings. Then another man was led out to the front, and to glorify God, some comrades started a hallelujah march round the hall. Adj. Wiggins was beaming on everything and everybody.—H. Blake, for Adjutant Wiggins.



A Little Boy Led the Way to the Penitent Form at Dovercourt, Followed by a Six-Footer.



### ROUSING MEETING TO ADJT. AND MRS. BLOSS.

#### The Montreal Soldiers Receive Them Kindly.

Last Thursday night we had a great welcome meeting for Adjutant and Mrs. Bloss, who have just arrived from Brantford to assist in the Provincial Work. Brigadier Hargrave conducted the meeting, having left the Peterboro Band especially for this purpose. All the city corps united, to give the Adjutant a warm welcome.

After the opening ceremonies, the Brigadier introduced the Adjutant and his wife amid volley after volley of welcome cheer.

Among the speakers of the night, were S.-M. Colley, Captains Webber and Richardson, Staff-Capt. McAmmond, who having been away, and had just returned, was also given a rousing welcome, also Ensigns Burry and Bristow. Captain Richardson sang a very nice solo that was appreciated by all. Adjutant Bloss, in a few words told of his delight in once more being on the old battlefield, also the joy the advances of the Army in Montreal brought to his heart, and urged the people to give God their hearts.

Brigadier brought the meeting to a close with one of his stirring appeals to the people to get saved, and so impressed them with the need of salvation, that one young man surrendered his all, and to the joy of his soul found Christ.—Buster Brown.

### THIRTEEN TERMS IN JAIL.

#### Striking Testimony of a Converted Drunkard.

We have had six souls to the front since last report from North Bay. One man gave a striking testimony after his conversion. He said that his wife was a Salvationist, and, that when she and his child died, which was eight years ago, he took to drink, since that time he had hardly drawn a sober breath. He also stated that he had served thirteen terms in jail.

Our Junior Picnic was held in July, and proved a success.

On Tuesday, last, we had Captain Crocker and Lieutenant Cornelius with us, and on Wednesday, Staff-Captain McLean and Capt. Ritchie. We had a good time after the meeting, in the form of an Ice Cream Social, which was much enjoyed. On Friday we had Adjutant McCann with us, and we had a stirring time in the open-air.

We have held some good jail meetings, some of the men being splendid singers.—A. L. Jones, for Captain Wadge.

### LIEUT. REPAIRING BARRACKS.

God is fulfilling His promise at Seal Cove, Nfld. Six souls have lately sought the Saviour. Prospects are bright, and our faith is high for a mighty outpouring. The Lieutenant is making some needful repairs on the barracks. At present God's work is prospering in every way.—W. Marsh, Lieut.

Lindsay. Captain Meader, from Cobalt, paid us a visit recently, which was much appreciated.

The open-air are well attended. Several comrades, and new converts

are getting into uniform. The Band is also making good progress, and we are getting the victory all along the line.—Corps Cor.

### A NEW AND VIGOROUS BABY.

#### Brigadier Turner and Adjutant Carter Visit It.

We have had some grand times at Sydney Mines III. corps, since it was opened by the Salvation Army recently. Captain Emery and Lieut. Sexton are in command, and great things have been accomplished by the Grace of God. A short time ago we were visited by Adjutant Carter and Brigadier Turner, on which occasion we had some very good meetings, the Brigadier giving us a short discourse on how the Salvation Army is conducted.

We were visited Sunday, Aug. 4th, by six of the Glace Bay Bandsmen, who succeeded in giving us a glorious musical time. Our latest success achieved was the Picnic for the children, Wednesday, August 7th, conducted in grand style by our Officers. We had glorious weather, and, consequently, a good attendance. Sixty-one children, and fifteen adults in all.

It is wonderful how God has helped us since the Army started in No. III. Altogether, forty-one souls have been won for the Kingdom of God.—J. B.

### A PARISIAN WEDDING.

#### Bandmaster and J. S. Treasurer United.

A Hallelujah Wedding took place at Paris, Ont., on August 6th, when Bandmaster Harold Crawford and J. S. Treasurer Nellie McLaughlin were united in the War.

The impressive service was conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, assisted by Major and Mrs. Green, our new Divisional Officers, Adjutant Bloss, and others.

The bridegroom was supported by his brother, Leonard Crawford, and the bride was attended by Sister M. Crump, together with Dorothy Hinchcliffe. Short addresses were given by Captain Carter and Treasurer McLaughlin, (brother of the bride.) The Brantford Silver Band discoursed sweet music, and the hall was filled to its utmost capacity.

On Sunday, August 11th, the meetings were conducted by Captain Carter, and we rejoiced over two souls seeking the Saviour.—Envoy Howells.

### BAND OUT EVERY NIGHT.

#### And Souls Are Coming Into the Light.

We are having good times at Nelson, B. C., with Captain and Mrs. Sainsbury in charge. The Band is well to the front every night, and a good turn-out of soldiers at all meetings. A backslider raised his hand to be prayed with in one of the meetings and one soul got saved after he went home. We also had two meetings at the jail.—L. J.

### HE GAVE A BRIGHT TESTIMONY.

#### Four Young Men Got Saved.

On Thursday, we had Ensign Bristow and Captain Hyde with us at Montreal V.

On Sunday, one young man, who had been to our morning open-air,

came to the afternoon meeting and got saved, giving a bright testimony in the open-air at night, as to what God had done for him. At night Captain Richardson spoke, with the joyous result that three young men knelt at the Cross, seeking Jesus.

On Monday, we welcomed back Lieut. Thornton after a short furlough.—M. Harper.

### HAPPIEST TIME IS NOW.

#### Young People's Work Flourishing.

God is owning and blessing our labors at Dildo. During the past week or so we have had the joy of seeing numbers of souls at the cross. They said, in testifying, that they have never felt so happy as they did at the present time. Lieut. Strafford has returned to her labors here, after a furlough. Adjt. Hiscock has started a Young People's meeting, held every Wednesday night, and it goes very well. We pray God it will prove a blessing to many.—C. C. M. Higdon.

### THE BONNY BANKS OF LOCH BROWN.

#### A Day of Healthy Enjoyment by the Salt Waters.

Since last time of writing we have had the joy of seeing numbers of souls saved at Westville, N.S. On Saturday two of the collieries here were idle, so Brother Davis, the J. S.-M., and Captain Hebb thought it well to give the children a picnic. So away we went, headed by the band, to the beautiful salt waters of Loch Brown. We had lots of fun, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The band played during the day, their beautiful music being greatly enjoyed. The children's races were also the means of much fun and healthy enjoyment. Lieut. McKervie would make quite a runner. Captain W. Hamilton paid some of the comrades here a flying visit on his way to Sydney, C.B., recently, where he is now stationed.—J. Hamilton.

### REGINA'S NINE.

#### The Comrades Have an Enjoyable Picnic.

We seem to be having a mild form of revival in the Queen City of the West, as the Penitent Form has been in greater use the past few weeks than for some considerable time. We had the joy of seeing nine at the Mercy Seat on Sunday evening, when the meeting was of an inspiring nature, the comrades all taking hold and fighting manfully, our four Candidates, especially. God is certainly blessing the labors of our esteemed Captain, and to Him be all the glory.

The comrades had a picnic on the 13th August, about forty going to Hungry Hollow, a pretty spot, eight miles North-west of the city, and having a real good time. A promise meeting was held at noon, and a few favorite hymns sung, and after enjoying themselves to the full, they returned home, a tired, but happy crowd, about half-past nine in the evening.

Regina corps is to have the honor of sending four more Candidates to the Toronto Training College next session. They are all promising

young men, and we are looking for great things from them. And still there are more to follow. Hallelujah! —E. B.

### OLD BOYS TO THE FRONT.

#### Re-Union at Galt.—Staff-Captain and Mrs. Hay Visit Corps.

On Wednesday, August 7th, at Galt, we held a meeting, conducted by Captains Andrew and Pease, at which one soul sought and found pardon.

On Thursday, August 8th, we welcomed our new D. O.'s, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Hay. Splendid times in open-air. A grand musical evening was held on Friday night, the Staff-Captain being present. The Berlin Officers took a good part in the meetings, as did Ensign McMillan and others.

Sunday was indeed a blessed day. Ensign McMillan leading on; the Galt Old Boys being to the front as well. Rev. Edgerton gave a splendid address during the meeting, taking as his text, Psalm i. verse 1.

### MIDNIGHT MARCH AT COBOURG.

#### Peterboro Band Stirs Town.

The Old Boy's Reunion was held recently at Cobourg. We were also favored with a visit of the Peterboro Band, assisted by Brigadier Hargrave and Ensign Bristow. The Band came in late on Saturday night, (11.30) and aroused the town with a splendid march.

Sunday was a great day; the Bandsmen worked hard and thousands of people came to hear them, and said it was the best band that had ever been there. In the afternoon the Band gave a beautiful concert in the Park. Mayor Munson took the chair on the band stand. At night an open-air was held outside the Commercial Hotel, followed by a powerful meeting in the Town Hall, conducted by Brig. Hargrave. Great conviction fell on the people, and another open-air was held later in the Park, attended by hundreds of people.—Cor. for Capt. and Mrs. Smith.

### BACKSLIDERS COME HOME.

#### Captain Miller Says Good-bye.

The week-end meetings at Burk's Falls were times of blessing. On Sunday afternoon we had the joy of seeing one backslider return to the fold. In the evening Captain Miller, who has been on a short furlough here, said good-bye to the people after faithfully warning them of the uncertainty of life, and the importance of being prepared for the great beyond. After a well-fought prayer meeting another backslider cried to God for pardon.—Capts. McAmmond and McCaffrey.

### TOUCHED BY A SONG.

We are having good times at North Sydney, and many souls are plunging in the Fountain. A young man was deeply touched by hearing the Ensign sing on the street corner, and following the march to the Hall, he got blessedly saved.

Every Friday, the Ensign goes to Point Edward to conduct a meeting. Captain Snow is still with us.—P. J. Spencer.

## Warfare in the Hawaiian Islands.

Extracts of an interesting letter from Staff-Captain Mrs. Sam. Bradley (nee Emily Wadds.) Both the Staff-Captain and his wife are erstwhile Canadians, and will be remembered by old-timers, as former corps leaders.

"Three weeks ago we arrived at Honolulu, to take command of the Hawaiian Islands Division. We are beginning to feel we know where we are. Staff-Captain has been round the Division with Colonel French, they have visited the circuits by brake and horseback, and have seen some of the difficulties of these Island Missionaries. They have visited the big crater of Kilauea, and experienced all the tossings of these Inter Islands' boats, and are home again, at least Staff-Captain is; Colonel French leaves for the Coast to-morrow. I have stayed at home, supposed to hold the fort, but a nasty native fever has held me in the meanest kind of grip. Getting acclimatized here is a hard job on the women folk, especially. The children are in excellent health.

This Island and city are very lovely. The natural beauties of the place are simply exquisite. Each little or big home may be made a little paradise, "only man is vile."

Honolulu corps is almost like two or three corps in one. We have a Korean Hall, with over sixty soldiers and many converts; a young Korean in charge of the work, he speaks Chinese too, and has a number of Chinese converts; amongst last week's was found the brother of the Chinese Consul.

Then, our Japanese detachment is looked after by a Japanese Officer, just promoted to Captain. A lovely whole-souled lad, who signed the Articles of War with his blood. He has lately been sanctified through reading Colonel Brengle's 'Helps to Holiness.'

On Sunday, besides our ordinary meetings in our proper Honolulu Hall, we have Korean Sunday School, Japanese Bible Class, Jail and Penitentiary work, and last, but not least, our Hawaiian Sunday School, officered by Lieut. Long, assisted by an Hawaiian National Guard, Joel Koo. Last Sunday about forty children were present. Hawaiian, Chinese, Portugese, Porto Rican, colored, etc. Nothing white there but my own babies, whose delicate (?) sensibilities were somewhat disturbed at such a redundancy of color.

Besides the work amongst the above peoples, we have some white soldiers, and a tidy bit of a band. We hope to get at the shipping soon, and will visit vessels, especially transports, and try to bless the soldiers and sailors. The climate is warm, but we have the most blessed refreshing breezes constantly. We are learning to eat papayas for breakfast, and alligator pears for salad, while mangoes are good, and make nice sauce, and guavas the most delicious jelly, and marmalade, so much like apple jelly I was sure it was that.

Rice is eaten much as a vegetable. We can, and do, have potatoes, but taro, from which the far-famed poi is made, is a good substitute for potatoes, and very nourishing.

Living is extremely high, and I am being shocked on every hand, when I wish to buy, and have to consider our limited means. But Salvation Army warfare generally, and in the lives of some of us particularly, tends to the teaching of economy, and somehow I enjoy trying to live real well on small means.



A Young Buddhist Priest, Ceylon.

This picture has been kindly sent us by our old-time Canadian comrade, Adj. Deva Ratna (Grose) whose marriage, with Ensign Pavitra (Glosser) is recorded in the latest "Indias' Cry."

### LOOKING FOR A CONSCIENCE.

#### The Story of a Thief Whose Sin Tormented Him.

"I am here this morning to try and find a conscience," said an officer as he rose to address the crowd in an Army Shelter. One man started and shuddered, and a sense of guilt stole over him as in that moment he realised what it means to be convicted of sin.

Up to within a few weeks ago he had been employed as a clerk in a wine merchant's office, and from a worldly standpoint was doing well. Then he began to indulge too freely in the cup that stings; the friends at home were not gay enough for him, and, in spite of their remonstrances with him, he continued to carry on his dissipation, returning home at hours when all respectable people had long retired. He was warned, but in vain, and returning home later than usual one night, he found the door bolted against him. That settled it. He might as well go through with it now, he argued.

He discreetly said nothing of his plans to his employer, but awaited his opportunity, which came with his being sent out to bank a few pounds for the firm.

"Why should you bank it?" suggested the Tempter. He thought of his fast falling reputation, of the ruin which he saw to be inevitable, and the next moment he was a thief; he

had yielded to the Tempter.

But, like his character, the ill-gotten money soon went, and in a few days he was destitute. Then a madder suggestion than the first came to him: "Why not end it all in the river?"

Destroying everything in his possession, even to the initials in his handkerchief and the number on his socks, he made his way to the Thames Embankment, and waited his opportunity.

Twice he was on the point of taking the fatal plunge, each time to be interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps, the first time by an ordinary passer-by and again by a Salvationist in uniform offering him a ticket for a free breakfast at the Backfriars Shelter, that same morning.

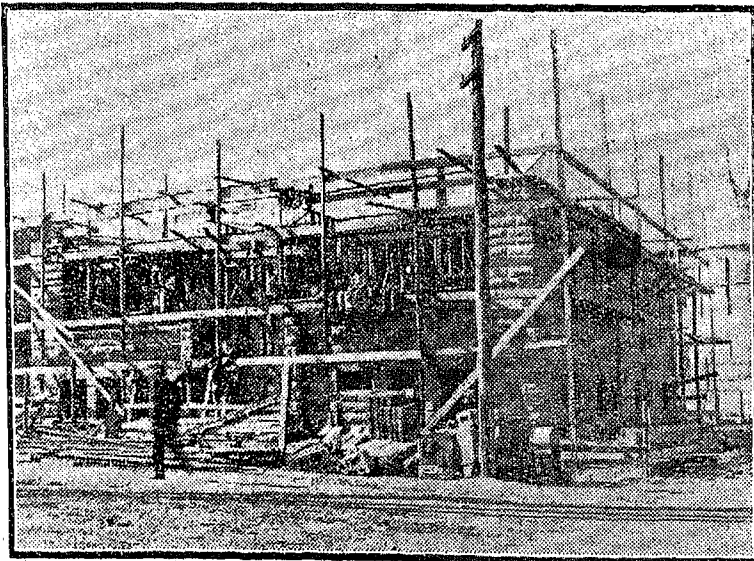
The rest is soon told. A visit to the Shelter, the breakfast, the meeting, the penitent form, and salvation.

Joe Wilson is at this moment working out his social salvation in one of our city institutions, and when he

has given practical evidence of the real change in his life his friends will take him back into their confidence.—Social Gazette.

### How a Maori Feast was Prepared.

Several carcasses of pig swung in the breeze from the limbs of a tree, whilst eight or ten kerosene cans were simmering over a fierce fire near by—some containing beef and others pork. Other cans contained water for the tea. In a corner of the enclosure were half a dozen or more maidens, young and old, preparing a small mountain of potatoes and kumeras (a kind of sweet potato) for the great feast. It would interest many readers to see how the potatoes are cooked. First, sticks are laid in a hollow in the ground, upon which a pile of various sized stones is laid—the sticks are lit, and in a little while the stones are almost red-hot; water is thrown over them, and the potatoes, etc., are piled on top, and then covered with bags, well soaked, the whole being drenched again, in order to create a plentiful supply of steam. In less than half an hour the bags are removed, and the contents of the "oven" are found



The Fine School Building in Construction at St. John's, Nfld., Destined to be the Centre of Salvation Army Education in the Colony.

to be beautifully cooked—the cooks picking them off one by one with a stout straw.

## THE DEATH OF Commissioner Higgins.

(Continued from page 9.)

and daughter found it, to them, "the gate of Heaven."

### He Got Salvation.

They wrote to him that they had given themselves up wholly to God, even to the destruction of the feathers in their hats; and he replied, "I am very glad you have given your hearts to the Lord, but be careful and don't lose your heads."

The Commissioner has often described how he sought for them in the Army hall, fetched them out, and expressed his indignation at a religion which taught its members to pray, sing, and clap their hands, while the roughs threw brickbats at the windows! As a matter of fact, it was only the Army methods which were strange to him; and not very long afterwards, he was standing up to be prayed for, at a meeting conducted by Mrs. Booth—the Army Mother—in Exeter Hall. He was under the impression that all he wanted was a "clean heart," but he afterwards said, "It was Salvation I got."

### World-Wide Service.

He entered the work in December, 1881—with the rank of Staff-Captain. His business experience warranted his being put in charge of the "Quarterly collecting," and when the Quarterly arrangements were re-modelled, he became Financial Secretary, with the title of Colonel.

In 1890, he was promoted Commissioner; and in 1894 was travelling the country as a Special. In 1898 he received the appointment of Resident Indian Secretary; and in 1901 became Territorial Commander of India. In 1905 he was appointed Inspecting Commissioner, visiting various parts of the world as the representative of the General, with great acceptance.

### LANGUAGE OF 1,000,000 SIGNS.

It is announced that work has been begun by German philologists, on material collected during the last nine years for a dictionary of the Egyptian language. The language goes back more than three thousand years, and there are more than one million signs used in it.



# Our International News Letter.

## INDIA.

The Changanacherry D. O. reports sixty-two heathen saved in his Division. There are prospects of opening a couple of corps, one village having 500 houses occupied by heathen people upon whom our officers hope to make an impression.

Persecution has broken out in the Trevandram District, on account of the recent revival there. Over two hundred heathen, together with three or four devil dancers, have got saved, and joined the Army, much to the annoyance of some of their neighbors. The Trevondram D. O. proposes to open several new corps.

Colonel Nurani recently had a very blessed time in Kadagramam corps. The barracks was packed, and much interest was aroused. On this occasion the Colonel received into the Army nine families, or twenty-two people, who were backsliders. There was much rejoicing on the return of these people to God and the Army.

The Government Inspectors have visited the Army's Girl's School at Ahmedabad, in the Gujerat and Western India Territory, and conducted an examination, which passed off most satisfactorily. The Inspectors were particularly struck with the way the girls recited their pieces of poetry and the manner they went through their physical drills and action songs, and reported that in these respects, the school was certainly ahead of all others.

## CEYLON.

The Army has just started special open-air meetings in the principal thoroughfares in Colombo. The work, generally in Ceylon, is in a very flourishing condition.

## HAWAII.

A special campaign connected with the Thirteenth Anniversary of the

Army's work in the Hawaiian Island, was held recently under the personal direction of the Provincial Officer, Colonel French. Twelve engagements took place during the day, including separate meetings for Koreans, Japanese, and the native Hawaiians. There were many thrilling and touching penitent form scenes. A number of souls came forward at the jail meetings, including two men in chains—thirty-five souls were won for the day.

## JAMAICA.

On the occasion of the recent farewell of Major and Mrs. Clifford, from the West Indies Territory, the people of Kingston, Jamaica (representing all classes and creeds, among whom were the Auditor-General of the Colony, a colored city Councillor, a leading barrister and member for the city, the Chief Solicitor, merchants, a Reverend Canon, and other ministers, and men of the Native West India Regiment) showed in remarkable fashion their admiration of the Army's work amongst them. Special mention was made of the splendid assistance given them during the dark days following the earthquake. The meeting, which was conducted by Colonel Lindsay, was the first great public gathering held by the Army since that memorable day, January 14th, 1907.

## SOUTH AFRICA.

The training session opened with 17 Cadets, although a very much larger number of Candidates presented themselves and were kept back for the January session.

The Work in general, throughout South Africa is progressing.

The celebration of the twenty-fourth Anniversary of the commencement of S. A. Work in South Africa, was celebrated at Cape Town L., by a series of special meetings,

extending over a fortnight.

Salvation Meetings, a lifeboat service, and a trades' demonstration, were features of the Campaign.

The first week's series came to a conclusion with the Holiness meeting conducted by the Chief Secretary, on Friday night. Mrs. Rauch and Major Cunningham assisted, the former giving us a helpful insight into her early day struggles; when faced with the taking up of the Cross, of speaking to her, then, persecuting, but now S. A. Officer, brother, with regard to salvation.

## Deva Veera Meets a Good Friend.

An officer in India who was appointed to collect for the Salvation Army, writes as follows: "During my stay at Cawnpore, I visited one of the most popular native gentlemen of that city, Nawab Syed Ali Khan, who is closely related to the Ameer. This gentleman was delighted to see a Salvationist, and took me all through his beautiful garden, and after partaking of some light refreshments, he gave me a donation for the work of the Salvation Army in India. He then placed his spirited horse and a beautiful rubber-tired trap at my disposal, and as I said 'good-bye,' he promised me a donation every time I called at his residence, and also promised a large sum in four years' time, if he is then alive. This is only one of the many from whom I have received similar treatment. Instead of meeting with an enemy, the Salvation Army officer cannot meet with a better friend than a Hindoo, or Mahomedan gentleman." — Deva Veera.

## A Salvation "Lighthouse."

The new Rescue Home recently opened by Commissioner and Mrs. McAlonan, at Vevey, Switzerland, is in all senses an ideal one, having been constructed for its purpose, and affording far more accommodation than the old Home which it replaces.

Known as "Le Phare," (the Lighthouse), the new Home is situated on a hill, and from its windows one has a beautiful view over the town, and further away, the lake and the snow-clad mountains.

A touching story is attached to one of the dormitories, known as "Amelia's Room." Amelia was a teacher, whose childhood had been passed in an orphanage. She learned to know and love the Army, and her greatest ambition was to become a Rescue Officer. Unfortunately, her poor health made this wish impossible of realization; but she worked hard, until death overtook her, and left all her savings for the purpose of furnishing a dormitory in the new Rescue Home.

A few weeks after the opening, the Matron received the following letter from a poor working woman:

"I read in the 'War Cry' the report of the opening of the Lighthouse. I send my blessing to Amelia's Room—that dear and tender friend, whose shining face is ever before me. I see her yet, one dark evening after a meeting, running after me and slip-

ping in my hand, two francs, to help me. She had rightly guessed my need. The policeman who watches the entrance to our hall often asks after her. I hope to look in from time to time, or the postman will bring you a postal order signed 'Amelia.'"

## Costa Rica Invaded,

### First Corps Opened in Central American Republic.

The Army has now "opened fire" in Costa Rica, one of the five republics of Central America, and Major John Clifford, who has just farewelled from the General Secretaryship of the West Indies Territory, has been selected as the Army's pioneer.

Captain Eduardo Palaci and Lieutenant George Stewart (The former a Peruvian and the latter a Jamaican) are the first Commanding Officers in the Republic. Captain Palacia has travelled extensively in Costa Rica, and understands the people and their language thoroughly.

Major Clifford and the Officers were accorded a hearty welcome when they landed at Port Limon, where the first corps has been opened.

A large number of Jamaicans live in the town, and their delight was unbounded at seeing the Army officers.

The population of the Republic is about 340,000, and is composed of whites of pure Spanish descent and Indians.

## Swedish-American Opening.

Another advance has been made in the Swedish-American Salvation war, by the opening of a new temple at Bridgeport, Connecticut, erected at a cost of ten thousand dollars.

The event was made the occasion for the gathering of the Scandinavian troops of the Eastern part of the New York Scandinavian Division. Salvationists were present from every part of Connecticut, and a delegation of one hundred, headed by a Brass Band, came from New York.

Colonel Peart, assisted by Lieut.-Colonel McIntyre and Brigadier Stanyon, conducted the meetings, which far eclipsed any that have previously been held in that part of the country.

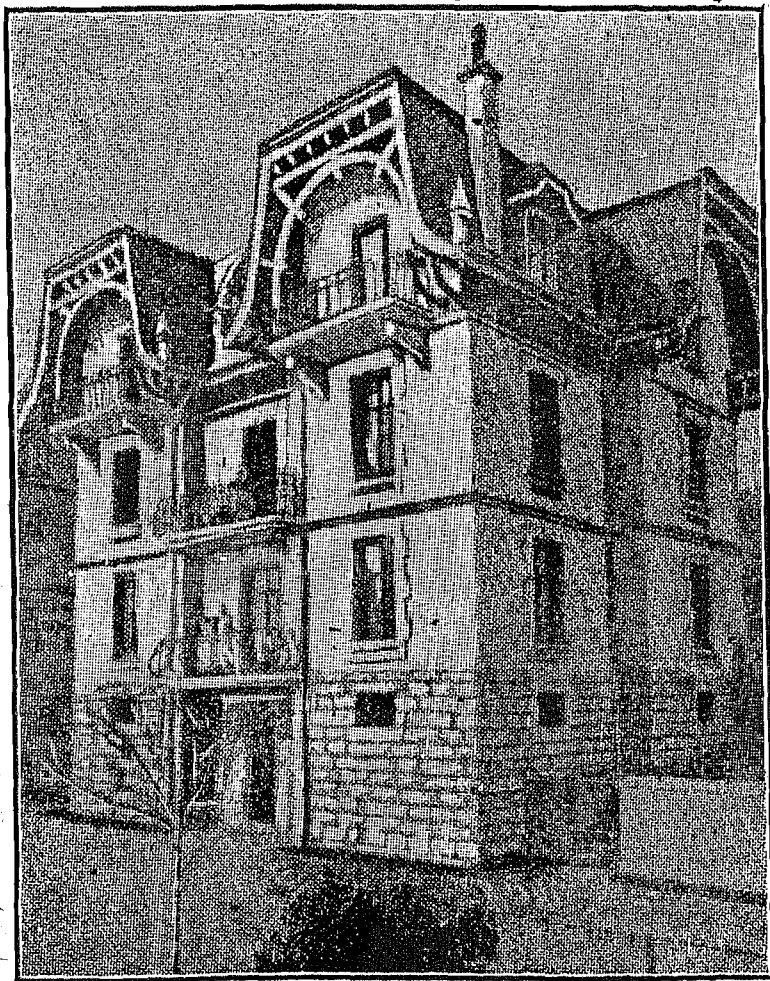
## Swedish Town Council

### Grants Free Quarters to Our Slum Officers.

The townspeople of Halmstad, in Sweden, evidently have a very high appreciation of the Army's work, as is shown by the following incident:

Four months ago we opened a slum station in that town, and one of the representatives of the town Council, on his own initiative, proposed that the Army should be granted free Quarters for the Officers, with a room to serve as a day shelter for the children.

Upon the suggestion being brought before the Council, it was agreed to,



The New Rescue Home in Switzerland.

# TOM OF THE FENS.

POACHER AND OUTLAW.

Barrack Life—Courtmartialed—The Old Folk at Home—A Mother's Love.

## CHAPTER IV.

HE Recruiting-Sergeant returned to Nottingham with Tom and several other fen men, who were sworn in in that town, and then conveyed to Westminster, London.

The barracks in which our hero found himself was commonly known by the name of the "Soldiers' Randy Booth," though history is silent as to the manner in which it received its appellation. From London to the Isle of Wight seemed to Tom a step in the right direction, the short time spent in London having sufficed to use up the stock of fresh air so necessary to his physical well-being.

He was not long in discovering, however, that fresh air was not the main object in taking him and his comrades to Parkhurst. It was on the island that the "licking into shape" properly began, and "our Tom" did not fall in easily with the process. The rigour of one day's drill was ever so much harder than a day spent in the brickyard, and very little to show for it—save aching joints and a raging thirst. Tom told himself more than once, "I'll make a mess o' this job afore I've done wee'er. I'm certain sure I shall."

What could it matter to her Majesty, or to anyone else, whether his trousers bagged at the knee, or whether his boots shone like the toes of a g master? Let them give him a chance to distinguish himself like a man, with gun or fist, and they'd soon see they'd got a match for the French. But all this fooling round with "left-right, and

Chins in the Air,"

what was the use of it all.

By which it will be seen that Tom was never taught the value of discipline, and, like a young horse, felt it incumbent upon him to rebel at what he did not understand.

A fortnight sufficed to convince him that he had made a bad bargain, and it is more than probable that those whose duty it was to drill him thought him dear at the price.

One night, Tom contrived to get over the wall of the barrack-yard, though it was thickly spiked with pieces of glass. He was a good deal scratched, but when he found himself alone in the night and his own master, he treated his scratches as lightly as he had been used to treat the sparrow-shot lodged in his legs when out on a poaching expedition. The shot he usually removed with his penknife, but the scratches would

Look after Themselves.

Four days in all Tom was at large, and but for an evil habit that clung to him, would have had time to put a safe distance between himself and the hated drill. As it was, he hung about the public-houses and other places frequented by the soldiers, until the search party, sent out as soon as he was missed, came up with him. They did not find him at once, because their approach had been duly announced to the publican by those employed as watchmen at the further end of the street—innocent-looking men, for the most part, who dealt

in nothing more dangerous than cast-off clothes, old iron, or stale vegetables, and who had sufficient leasure from business to keep a weather-eye upon strangers—especially if they wore uniform.

Tom was thinking of nothing in particular when the signal was given, and did not know what to do with the warning when he got it. To leave the house in which he sat would be to run into the lion's mouth; to remain was not included in the sum paid for the glass of spirit standing at Tom's elbow. Presently a shrill whisper broke up Tom's reverie. "What's the use of sitting, gawking there, man?"

Get into the Baker's Oven, sharp. You'll not be the first by a long chalk."



With This Pottage Tucked Snugly Away in Her Market Basket, She Would Sally Forth in Search of the Wanderer.

Now, at the back of the public-house, and within the yard, stood a baker's oven, long fallen into desuetude. Had the owner stopped to clean it before moving to "more convenient premises," it would have been better for all concerned, for when in the end the picquet discovered the runaway's hiding-place, and dragged him out by the heels, the appearance of the red jacket he wore left something to be desired.

In addition to the injury done to his clothes, Tom's general appearance was abject in the extreme, and warranted the exclamation which greeted his return, "You were sent in search of a soldier, but you have brought back a sweep."

Tom's next experience was a court-martial, which everybody seemed to enjoy immensely but himself. The verdict which followed—forty-two days, to be divided between picking oakum and the pastime known in military circles as shot-drill—went some way towards teaching Tom that it takes a clever man to dodge work. He had ample time for reflection as he carried the shot, weighing thirty-two pounds, from one end of the yard to the other, and that for an hour and a-half at a stretch. Had he been allowed to pick them up in his own fashion, and lay them down after the same principle, the task would not have seemed so irksome, but to be compelled to pick each one from the ground without bending the knees, was a difficult science, and one which

veyed the game his mother refused to touch, receiving an equivalent, in the shape of ale, which he too often took in lieu of food.

The battle between principle and love for her son was sometimes pretty fierce in the heart of Tom's mother, but integrity won the day during all the years of his wanderings. Though she judged the prodigal so leniently, she was stern with herself, judging that it would be a great sin against God for her to in any way share her son's spoil. That she was right no enlightened mind can question; but it is not so easy to square her keen appreciation of first-principles with her oft-repeated statement that when her boy shot the squire's pheasants, and filled his game-pouch from the squire's snares—on more than one occasion maiming a keeper—he did no harm "to any but hisself."

It must not be supposed, however, that Tom's mother felt no solicitude for his temporal welfare because she refused to prepare his ill-gotten game. Out of her scant supply of house-keeping money she contrived to squeeze the mess of pottage his soul loved—sheep's head and pluck was its name—while she and the other members of the family dined on onion broth and dry bread. And with this "pottage" tucked snugly away in her market-basket, she would sally forth in search of the wanderer.

The neighbor who chanced to see her approaching with the tell-tale basket on her arm frequently anticipated the well-known question: "Have you seen oor Tom?" by pointing over his shoulder in the direction of hayrick or public-house, as the case might be, and so do away with the necessity for those little efforts on her part at making believe she was indifferent to the reply she might receive.

But, if in the neighborhood, why did Tom put his mother to such pains in tracking him? Because his good angel—a sense of shame—remained ever at his side, holding him back from facing those mild, kind eyes, which never failed to give him a bad five minutes when bent upon him. But though Tom thus dreaded the thought of revealing his hunger and his rags to his mother, he had no hesitation in selling for drink the basket and its contents which he found on emerging from beneath the haystack. Having assured herself that he was there, his mother would place the basket in a sheltered corner and go as quickly as she had come, sometimes with the corner of her apron to her eyes, maybe, but always without a word of reproach. Once she was heard to say, after such an errand, and, as if in reply to some passing thought of her own, "If Thou, Lord, should'st be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it?" Hers was the charity which covereth a multitude of sins.

(To be continued.)

We have been having some grand meetings lately at Feversham. Owing to our new officers not having arrived, the meetings have been carried on by the locals, and much blessing has come through these meetings. On Sunday last we had Capt. and Mrs. Plant on the bridge. God was with us all day, and much so in the Junior work. Good crowds came at night to hear Capt. Plant, and we believe much good seed was sown for the Kingdom in the hearts of many—H. Richardson.



## ROGER:

ALSON OF ISHMAEL.

(Continued from page 3.)

the minds of those who are most convinced of their infidelity.

For example, Count du Monceau de Borgendael, a Belgian of high intellect, has in spite of himself given up the materialism of which he was a most fervent adept. He is beginning to believe in God, in the necessity of a revealed religion, and I hope that by the power of the Almighty I may be enabled to convince him once for all of the Divinity of Jesus Christ. This is my occupation for the moment.

They tease me a little by treating me as "defroque" (i. e., a priest who has renounced his vocation), but they do not mean to hurt me, and there is no unkindness in it.

I have had a proof that many of them have not forgotten the religious instructions that their mothers had given them. This was so evident in one of the tragic circumstances through which we have passed.

We were lost in the sands of the desert, without any resources, when one of our comrades named Tsambert committed suicide, shooting himself in the head.

The poor fellow, at the end of his strength, had no longer the courage to put up with the horrible tortures of thirst and hunger.

The evening on which we placed his body in the grave, that we had hollowed out in the sand with our mess-bowls, the oldest of the band approached me and said:

"You who have still faith in God, do not let our comrade go away without a prayer."

Then I got on my knees and said "Our Father."

The two officers followed my example, and they all bowed their heads to the ground, repeating after me those words which make one tremble in spite of oneself.

I finished with these words, "Man, thou art dust, and to dust must thou return."

"You, who stand beside the open grave of one of your comrades, will you not still believe in the Divine intervention in the future world? And why will you not think more often of these great truths in the circumstances less tragic and less sad?"

Since that day, when I pray in the morning and at night, the mocking smile has disappeared from the lips of the infidels. They feel, in spite of themselves, that there is something missing in their lives and hearts.

The natives call me the "French priest." It is because I am more gentle towards them than many of the others, or perhaps I am more willing to render them little services. I do not know.

That which is sure, indiscussible and certain, is that those who do not believe in God must be more than miserable here in the midst of the sufferings without name, which we have to endure.

Hunger, thirst, fatigue, the heat of the sun, the attacks of the Moors, the assaults of the natives, added to the will being weakened by physical sufferings, without any consolation or diversion. I do not know how the poor fellows could manage to live, did they not all fear death.

I will permit myself now, Monsieur le Commissaire, to speak a little of myself. I have finished the time of service that is imposed by the law on foreigners. If I become naturalised as French, I may be free either in March or April. Once free, I desire, if possible, to come into the Salvation Army. I will do all that is in my power to succeed.

I beg you to let me know what conditions I must fulfil in order to become a Salvationist. If you will accept me, I will get free from my military service, and be at your entire disposal, but if not I will engage myself a second time for service in the Colonies—Soudan or Dahomey.

## A NEW COMPETITION!

(LIMITED TO OFFICERS ONLY)

Ten Dollars for the Best  
"Shack - Stove Story."HOW READERS MAY WIN DOLLARS AND OUR  
GRATITUDE.

I propose having a competition on somewhat novel lines for the benefit of the Christmas War Cry. In order to get hold of some of the excellent salvation stories that our officers tell over the teacups, we invite all comrades to write us one on the lines we shall suggest, and to the writer of the best story we shall send a ten dollar bill.

Now, who shall decide which story is the best? This is a ticklish job, so we have decided that the Editorial Staff shall decide which is the best dozen. These we shall print, and leave it to the excellent judgement of our readers to decide which is the best of them, and consequently the best story sent in.

How we shall get the votes of our readers will be made known later.

In order to make the setting fit with the stories, we propose that a number of Salvation Army officers shall be sitting around a red-hot stove in a settler's shack on a Christmas eve. They have been attending a meeting, and conversation has been started around a remarkable testimony given by a convert in the said meeting. An officer endeavors to cap that story, by relating another which happened in one of his meetings. This leads to the telling of a still more remarkable incident by another officer, and so on until the whole dozen have told a series of highly interesting and remarkable incidents of Canadian Salvation Army warfare.

Now, which officer told the best story? That is the point we shall want the readers of our great Christmas War Cry to decide.

Each story must conform to the following conditions:—

1. It must relate to the War in Canada and Newfoundland.
2. Should not exceed 500 words.
3. The incident may refer to the writer's own experience, may refer to a soldier, or may have been told to the writer by some other person. The writer will be held responsible for the truth of the incident.
4. The incident must illustrate the power of God's salvation and the effectiveness of the Army's methods, and may refer to the conversion of sinners by answer to prayers, by means of testimonies, or meetings in the open air or in the hall, etc.

That which constitutes the best story, will be its interesting and instructive qualities. The more novel or extraordinary the story, the greater its interest. The more unpromising the character converted, the more instructive will be the incident.

For the best story of this class we shall give ten dollars.

Stories received after the first of October will not be eligible for this competition, and each officer must send his or her portrait, as we purpose publishing the portraits of the twelve officers with the stories. Send your story in straight away.

TO ALL SOLDIERS AND READERS.  
A Dollar For a Christmas Incident.

We want incidents relating to Christmas and the Salvation War in Canada. If you know a good story, or have heard a good story suitable for our Christmas Number, we want you to send it along, and to the one who sends us the best story on the following lines we shall send a dollar. We shall give away ten dollars in this competition, so there is a chance for ten persons to get our best thanks and a dollar bill.

For two hundred words that tell either of the following:—

The most remarkable Salvation Christmas Incident I have ever known; What it was that led to my conversion; The most extraordinary open-air I have ever attended, or open-air incident I have ever known; The greatest trophy of grace I have ever met in Canada. The best story of a fellow-officer who is probably too modest to tell it himself or herself; The most exciting moment of my Salvation career; The strangest Prayer meeting I was ever in; The Funniest Testimony I have ever heard; What a Salvation Song did; The most interesting Immigration Story I have ever been told; The greatest act of human Consecration I have ever known; The most amusing Collection incident I have heard.

I must tell you that I have ceased all relations with my family, and under the saddest circumstances. I will not, unless you advise me to the contrary, let them know that I still live, as unhappily they can only give me both bad counsels and bad examples. It is sad for me to have to say it, but it is they who have broken my military career.

Perhaps, however, it is a joy that God has wished to give me in the form of a sorrow, since I have had the opportunity of meeting you.

I dare to believe for a favorable reply, and ask you to please excuse me if I cannot at this moment pay all the debt which I have contracted. Believe me, Monsieur le Commissaire, that I have put it on my heart, and will not fail you. I am the victim of circumstances, but not of unwillingness.

I beg you to accept the assurances of my profound respect.

ROGER,

Mle 14054, 23 Company Bechar,  
Algeria.

P.S.—I have spoken to you of my intentions for the future, and would ask your counsel. If it is necessary I will give you further details of my family. I hold myself at your entire disposal for whatever you may wish to ask me.

## War Cry Honor Roll.

St. John Division.—21 Boomers.

Mrs. Ens. Cornish, St. John's I. 135  
Capt. March, St. John's II. 125  
Lieut. Nock, St. John's I. 100  
Candidate Dow, Campbellton. 100  
Capt. Forsey, Fredericton. 100  
Lieut. Carrie Parker, St. John's IV 100  
Lieut. Smith, Moncton, 100  
Lieut. Newbery, St. Stephen, 85;  
Mrs. Captain Dakin, Chatham, 60;  
Captain Dakin, 55.

50 Copies.—Ensign Martin, Woodstock, Brother G. Camber; Sergt. Rogers, St. John's I.; Sergt. Watts, Candidate McKinnon, Moncton; Capt. McWilliams, Sackville, Lieut. field; Sergt. Beaty, Fredericton; Lieut. De Roach, Fairville; Captain Donovan, Kentville, Lieut. McLean,

Halifax Division.—16 Boomers.

Captain Hargrave, Halifax I. 150  
Lieut. Richards, Sydney. 150  
Lieut. Smith, Truro. 140  
Ens. Lorimer, New Aberdeen. 130  
Adj. Cooper, Glace Bay. 109  
Captain Snow, North Sydney, 80;  
Maggie Mitchel, Halifax II., 75; Mrs. Cooper, Glace Bay, 71; Adj. Sparks, Charlottetown, 70; Lieutenant Sexton Sydney Mines III., 60; Ens. Hudson Halifax I., 52; Maud McPherson, Glace Bay, 50; Bertha Large, Charlottetown, 50; Bertha White, 50; Sergt. Rankin, Glace Bay, 50; D. Pardy, 50.

Stratford Division.—10 Boomers.

Ens. Hancock, Stratford. 140  
Captain Stickells, Goderich, 75;  
Capt. Thomas, 75; Ensign Rock, Forest, 75; Capt. Dobney, Clinton, 70;  
Capt. Pease, Galt, 67; Capt. Andrew, 66; Sister R. Summer, Stratford, 60;  
Mrs. Simmons, Wingham, 50; Bandman Calvert, 50.

Training Home Province.—6 Boomers.

Adj. Kendall, Lippincott. 128  
P. Sergt. Moore, Esther St. 119  
Sergt. Pellatt, Tor. Junction, 80;  
Sergt. Mann, Temple Corps, 5; Mrs. Bradley, Temple Corps, 50; Sister Barrington, Parliament St., 50.

Newfoundland Province.—7 Boomers.

Cadet Pynn, St. John's II. 303  
Sergt. May Whitten, St. John's I. 142  
Capt. Grandy, St. John's I. 131  
Sergt. Earle, St. John's I. 130  
Sergt. May Gillingham, Twi'gate 110  
Lieut. Anstey, St. John's II., 62;  
Mrs. Harris, St. John's I., 60.

Pacific Province.—3 Boomers.

Captain Tanner, Nanaimo, 60;  
Lieutenant Holland, 50; C.-O. McMillan, 45.

## COMING EVENTS.

COMMISSIONER AND  
MRS. COOMBS

WILL CONDUCT THE

WELCOME MEETING OF COLONEL  
AND MRS. SOWTON

THE NEW CHIEF SECRETARY,

AT

THE TEMPLE, ON THURSDAY,  
SEPTEMBER 5th.

## Colonel and Mrs. Sowton

WILL CONDUCT MEETINGS AT

THE TEMPLE, ON SUNDAY,  
September 8th (All Day).

THE DATES FOR THE

HARVEST  
FESTIVAL

EFFORT

HAVE BEEN FIXED FOR

SATURDAY, SUNDAY, MONDAY and  
TUESDAY,

Sept. 21, 22, 23 and 24.

## T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Capt. Hurd.—Carleton Place, Aug. 21, Sept. 1, 2; Cobden, Sept. 3; Westmeath, Sept. 4; Beachburg, Sept. 5; Tweed, Sept. 6; Madoc, Sept. 7, 8; Campbellford, Sept. 9; Peterboro, Sept. 10, 11; Port Hope, Sept. 12; Cobourg, Sept. 13; Trenton, Sept. 14, 15; Picton, Sept. 16, 17; Deseronto, Sept. 18; Napanee, Sept. 19; Belleville, Sept. 20, 21, 22; Odessa, Sept. 23; Sunbury, Sept. 24; Kingston, Sept. 25, 26; Gananoque, Sept. 27; Brockville, Sept. 28, 29; Prescott, Sept. 30; Cardinal, Oct. 1; Morrisburg, Oct. 2, 3; Cornwall, Oct. 4; Montreal, Oct. 5; Sherbrooke, Oct. 6, 7, 8; Quebec, Oct. 9, 10; Montreal II., Oct. 12, 13, 14; Montreal V., Oct. 15; Montreal IV., Oct. 16; Montreal I., Oct. 17.

Capt. Ash.—Springhill, Aug. 30, 31, Sept. 1; Parrsboro, Sept. 2, 3; Moncton, Sept. 4, 5; Campbelltown, Sept. 6-8; Newcastle, Sept. 9; Chatham, Sept. 10, 11; Fredericton, Sept. 12, 13; Woodstock, Sept. 14, 15; St. Stephen, Sept. 16, 17; St. John I., Sept. 18; St. John V., Sept. 19; North Head, 20, 22; St. John II., Sept. 24; St. John III., Sept. 25; Carleton, Sept. 26, 27; Sussex, Sept. 28, 29; Hillsboro, Sept. 30.

Capt. Matier.—Hespeler, Aug. 30, 31; Berlin, Sept. 1, 2; Galt, Sept. 3, 4; Paris, Sept. 5, 6; Brantford, Sept. 7-9; Tillsonburg, Sept. 10; Simcoe, Sept. 11, 12; Norwich, Sept. 13; Woodstock, Sept. 14-16; Ingersoll, Sept. 17, 18; London, Sept. 19, 20.

Ensign Edwards.—Uxbridge, Sept. 29, 30; Orangeville, Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 2; Brampton, Sept. 3, 4; Hamilton III., Sept. 5; Hamilton II., 6-8; Hamilton I., Sept. 9, 10; Dundas, Sept. 11, 12; St. Catharines, Sept. 13-15; Niagara Falls, Sept. 16-18.

## Songs for All Meetings.

## A CANDIDATE'S SONG.

Tune—Beautiful River.

1 Sweet is the voice that calls me to follow,  
Paths that once Jesus in life's service trod;  
Binding the wounds and lifting the fallen,  
Leading the blind and erring to God.

Chorus.

Power I'm pleading, life-giving power,  
Power in labor, power in prayer;  
Spirit of power, my heart be Thy temple,  
Heavenly power, life's burdens to bear.

All I forsake, no prospects can hold me,  
The world's brightest jewels are tarnished and dim;  
Henceforth, my life is given my Saviour,  
The pearl that is priceless receiving from Him.

Rejoicing, I go on missions of mercy,  
Storming the strongholds and freeing the slave;  
As Thou hast called, oh, Lord, I am coming,  
Living or dying Thy lost ones to save.

—Beor, Meaford, Ont.

## HE WILL TAKE YOU BACK AGAIN.

Tune.—We are marching on to conquer, Praise the Lord.

2 'Twas on Calvary's rugged tree,  
Jesus died for you and me;  
And He wants to pardon now the past of sin.  
Though you've wandered far away,  
From the Shepherd's fold to-day;  
He will take you back again,  
Praise the Lord!

Chorus.

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,  
He will take you back again;  
Praise the Lord!  
He will pardon all the past,  
He will save your soul at last;  
And He'll take you back again—  
Praise the Lord!

If you're weary of your sin,  
And you would new life begin;  
He will take you back again,  
Praise the Lord!  
He will cleanse your soul from sin,  
Make you pure and clean within;  
And He'll take you back again—  
Praise the Lord!

Then backslider now return,  
Jesus bids you come to-day;  
And He'll take you back again,  
Praise the Lord!  
See His arms extended wide,  
Do not tarry from His side;  
For He'll take you back again—  
Praise the Lord!

## THE OVERFLOWING WAVE.

Tune.—Poor old Joe.

3 Oh, what a life of vict'ry and success,  
Is led by those, who God's Own power possess;  
Freedom from sin, and confidence secure,  
Are promised by Jehovah—and His word is sure.

Chorus.

'Tis coming, 'tis coming,  
The cleansing wave I feel;  
It overflows my thirsty soul,  
To bless and heal.

Here let us bend, before the Mercy Seat,  
Yield every will, in sacrifice complete;

Come, blessed Lord, possess us one and all,  
Oh, enter every longing heart, for Thee we call.

Self, fear and pride, revenges—all, all shall go,  
Let now Thy waves our borders overflow;  
Sweep right away the last remains of sin,  
Oh, mighty, cleansing, healing, waves, roll in, roll in.

R. T.

## IS YOUR SOUL SAVED?

Tune.—Hallelujah! I'm so happy since my sins have been forgiven.

4 Have you noticed this, when people meet each other,  
If you haven't, very soon perhaps you may;  
They will talk about their wealth, their friends and neighbors,  
But how very, very seldom will they say:

Chorus.

Is your soul saved? Is your soul saved?  
Are you happy in the favor of your God?  
Have your past sins been forgiven,  
Are you helping lead poor sinners to the Blood?

If you ever meet a comrade, one who grumbles,  
At the state of things existing here to-day;  
One who talks as if the good Lord's arm was shortened,  
In the spirit of the Master to him say:

When you miss a comrade absent from the meetings,  
Does your heart yearn lest his feet have gone astray?  
By your bedside on your knees tell God about it,  
Then go visit him, and take his hand and say:

When you know the joy and peace of "full salvation,"  
And the Holy Spirit thrills your soul each day;  
In your talk with people, be they saints or sinners,  
Ere you leave their presence they will hear you say:

The above song was suggested by hearing some persons, half jokingly remark to some Salvationists they were in conversation with, "Why don't you tackle us about our souls?"—Bandsman Fred Young, London, Ont.

## SATISFACTION.

Tune.—Stick to the Army, lads.

5 I sought for satisfaction,  
For many a long, long year;  
My heart was sad and weary,  
My soul was full of fear.  
In vain I sought for pleasure,  
In vain I wept and prayed;  
Until I met the Army,  
And this is what they said:

Chorus.

Stick to the Army, lads, etc.

The love of Christ it struck me,  
I thought of all the past;  
A helpless, weary sinner,  
To Christ, I hastened fast.  
I cried to Him for mercy,  
My all on Him was laid;  
My sins were all forgiven,  
And with the rest, I said:

How often I had yearned for this,  
So very long ago;  
And when you have it in your soul  
It's perfect bliss you know.  
Now, daily, as I onward march,  
And press toward that day;  
I find so many proving it,  
And with us too, they say:  
Mrs. J. Paul, Woodstock, Ont.

## MISSING.

## To Parents, Relations and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; friend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner Thos. B. Coombs, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

## (First Insertion.)

6119. FAVEL, HENRY GEORGE, alias PONGO, alias HOFFERMAN. Age 29; height 6 ft.; fair hair, blue eyes; fair complexion; teamster. Last heard of January 1, 1900. Was then in Portage la Prairie. News wanted.

6117. SIDEBOTTOM, ERNEST McDUFF. Age 33; height 5 ft. 10 in.; brown hair; brown eyes. Last known address McLeod, Alta. May be in Calgary. Father anxious for news.

6116. FORBES, ROBERT M. Age 19; dark hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Was sent to this country by Dr. Barnardo. Last heard of in Michael, Man. News wanted.

6115. WADDLE, JOSEPH. Age 23. Height 5 ft. 4 in.; dark hair, blue eyes; pale complexion; engine fitter. Last known address Winnipeg. News wanted.

6114. WOOD, MRS. LAWRENCE, nee HETHERWICK. Tall and slender, fair hair; age 30; height 5 ft. 10 in.; rather pale looking; false teeth. Been in Canada four years. News wanted.

6069. ARNOLD, WILLIAM. Left Clinton 20 years ago. Friends are very anxious to hear of his present whereabouts. Please communicate with above office.

6083. NEWPORT, THOS. Any person knowing of the presents of this person, late of St. John's, Newfoundland, may be in Montreal, please notify above office.

## Second Insertion.

6097. Boyle, Billy. Aged 46, dark hair, steel grey eyes, height 5 feet; left Port Hope, Ont., 18 years ago for Toronto; was at one time engaged in driving an express wagon. Reward offered.

6098. Clark, George. Aged 23, blue eyes, pale complexion; native of Ireland; last heard from 17 years ago; was then on a farm somewhere in Canada.

6099. Rush, George. Also wife, Elizabeth Rush, nee Elizabeth Hall, who came to Canada about seven years ago; at that time they had either five or six children; from Rattington St. Chatham, Nr. Canterbury, Kent, Eng.

6101. Carlberg, Per Isak. Swedish, born at Hova Sogn, Sparbos, Lahn; tall and fair blue eyes, crooked nose; engineer; came to Canada June, '02; last heard from in Toronto; Christmas, '05.

6102. Jense, Hans, alias H. J. Brichony, Swede; last heard from Care S. A., Toronto, Canada.

6103. Smee, Ernest, Job or Sugg. Came to Canada 18 years ago through the Barnardo Home; sent to a family named Sugg near Clifford, Ont.; not heard from since 1893; has brown hair, blue grey eyes.

6104. Gibbs, Sarah Ann, nee Richards; aged 40, dark hair and eyes, rather short; came to Toronto with husband and five children 14 years ago.

6105. Hillhouse, William; age 30, single, height 5 feet 6 inches, sandy hair, blue eyes, fresh complexion, pit head man, Scotch; last known address, Weyburn, Sask. Important news awaits him.

6106. Cameron, Kenneth William; age 51, tall, white hair, rather bald, light grey eyes, fair, Scotchman; once on the London, England, police force.

6107. Neale, Ernest John. Aged 39, married, height 5 feet 7 inches, black hair and moustache, blue eyes, fresh complexion, very high forehead, tip off left forefinger; electrical engineer; left England for Canada in February, '07.